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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Itinerary of Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela.
Translated and edited by A. Asher. Vols. I. and II. London and Berlin, A. Asher and Co. 8vo, 1840, 1841.

We live in an age of historical investigation; and, what is more, we begin to agree that chronicles and such-like records are not the only historical monuments of importance. Literary history has now had possession of the field for some years; and the history of science is beginning to take its proper place in our intellectual studies.* Men now see that their time is not lost, when employed in examining what their predecessors have done before them in the same path in which they are engaged. In fact, whatever branch of science we turn to, the history of discovery cannot fail to be useful as well as interesting. In no branch is this truth more apparent than in the history of geographical knowledge. In pursuing our researches on this subject—in tracing the conjectures and the discoveries of men of science and enterprise in different ages—in bringing to light the observations of travellers and navigators of different periods of history,—we have a double advantage, inasmuch as we are not only observing the advancement of intellectual civilisation and knowledge among the races of men to whom we more immediately belong, but we are enabled to establish points in the history of other people who have no definite annals of their own—we obtain the knowledge of ethnological facts, of which there is no other evidence. Among the numerous manuscripts of the middle ages which still exist, there are preserved many geographical treatises and narratives of travels, particularly in the eastern languages, which have not yet been committed to the press; and there are others which, printed either too expensively, or in an inaccessible form, or in editions which are now rare, ought to be laid before the public in a more popular shape. Such was the case with the Jewish traveller, Benjamin of Tudela, until Mr. Asher gave to the world the edition of which the title stands at the head of the present article.

The name of Benjamin of Tudela is known to most well-informed persons; but there are very few who are in any considerable degree acquainted with his book. Incorrect editions of the original Hebrew, which few can read, and translations by persons who could only partially understand the language or the subject, and who were prejudiced against the author, have done little towards making this book useful. The learned public, as well as the reading public in general, is deeply indebted to Mr. Asher for his popular and correct edition of this truly

interesting writer. Mr. Asher is well known as one of the greatest booksellers in Europe; and this is not the only work which he has issued to prove his claim to a place among the few learned booksellers who have appeared since the invention of printing. It is sufficient to say, that the first of the two vols. of Benjamin of Tudela contains the Hebrew text, edited with great care, and a literal English version,—the latter being remarkable for its purity and correctness, when we consider that the writer is a foreigner; that the second volume consists of very valuable notes and essays illustrative of the text, which gives us a surprising idea of the richness of Hebrew literature during the middle ages; and that they are to be followed, we understand, by other volumes of materials more or less connected with the subject.

The Rabbi Benjamin was a Spanish Jew, and began his travels—the object of which was perhaps partly mercantile, but which was certainly in a great measure to collect information relating to the condition and numbers of his Hebrew brethren in different parts of the world—about the year 1160. The accounts of all the old travellers present a mixture of truth and fable, in which it is not always easy to separate exactly the one from the other; indeed this is a fault not altogether peculiar to the ancients: but few of the earlier travellers give more of truth and exact information than Benjamin of Tudela. His travels embrace a large portion of the then known world; and even at home, in the towns of France and Italy, his narrative contains many interesting pictures of the state of society and knowledge in the twelfth century. We may instance, as a good example of this, his account of Genoa: we are acquainted with the fortified houses of the Italian cities in the middle ages from other sources, but few writers give us so striking a picture of the state of the times as the following passage. After speaking of Marseilles, Benjamin says:—

“Here people take ship from Genoa, which also stands on the coast, and is reached in about four days. Two Jews from Ceuta, R. Sh'muel B. Khilam and his brother, reside there. The city is surrounded by a wall: no king governs over it, but senators chosen by the citizens and of their own body. Every house is provided with a tower; and, in times of civil commotion, war is carried on from the tops of these towers. The Genoese are masters of the sea, and build vessels called galleys; by means of which they carry on war in many places, and bring home a vast deal of plunder and booty to Genoa. They are at war with the Pisans.”

When Benjamin visited Rome, the ruins of the ancient city were far more extensive than at present; and the legendary notices connected with them which he has preserved are extremely curious. He mixes with the popular stories of the Italians some notions which were derived from Jewish tradition.

“The city of Rome is divided into parts by means of the river Tiber, which runs through it. In the first of these divisions you see the large place of worship called St. Peter's of Rome—there was the large palace of Julius

Cesar. The city contains numerous buildings and structures, entirely different from all other buildings upon the face of the earth. The extent of ground covered by ruined and inhabited parts of Rome amounts to four-and-twenty miles. You there find eighty halls of the eighty eminent kings, who are all called *imperator*, from king Tarquin to king Pipin, the father of Charles, who first conquered Spain and wrested it from the Mahomedans. In the outskirts of Rome is the palace of Titus, who was rejected by three hundred senators, in consequence of his having wasted three years in the conquest of Jerushalaim; which task, according to their will, he ought to have accomplished in two years. There is, further, the hall of the palace of king Vespasianus, a very large and strong building; also the hall of king Galba, containing three hundred and sixty windows, equal in number to the days of the year. The circumference of the palace is nearly three miles. A battle was fought here in times of yore; and in the palace fell more than a hundred thousand slain, whose bones are hung up there even to the present day. The king caused a representation of the battle to be drawn, army against army; the men, the horses, and all their accoutrements, were sculptured in marble, in order to preserve a memorial of the wars of antiquity. You there find also a cave under ground, containing the king and his queen upon their thrones, surrounded by about one hundred nobles of their court, all embalmed by physicians, and in good preservation to this day.”

From Rome Benjamin went, through Italy and Greece, to Constantinople, of which place he gives an interesting description. He proceeded thence into Syria and Palestine, and visited Jerusalem. In the neighbourhood of the holy city he was shewn, among other things, the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was transformed!

“From the valley of Jehoshaphat the traveller immediately ascends the Mount of Olives, as this valley only intervenes between the city and the mount, from which the Dead Sea is clearly seen. Two parasangs from the sea stands the salt-pillar into which Lot's wife was metamorphosed; and although the sheep continually lick it, the pillar grows again, and retains its original state. You also have a prospect upon the whole valley of the Dead Sea, and of the brook of Shittim, even as far as Mount N'bo.”

After traversing the greater part of Syria, our traveller visited Damascus, and passed thence by Balbec, Palmyra, Aleppo, Mosul, &c. to Bagdad, then the residence of the khalif. His account of the supreme “commander of the faithful,” when the empire of the Mahomedans was in the height of its power, is singularly interesting.

“The khalif is an excellent man, trustworthy and kind-hearted towards every one; but generally invisible to the Mahomedans. The pilgrims which come hither from distant countries on their way to Mekka in Yemen, desire to be presented to him, and thus address him from the palace: ‘Our lord, light of the Mahomedans and splendour of our re-

* We believe it is not generally known that there has been recently established in London a society (on the plan of the Camden and other similar societies) for the publication of early scientific documents, entitled the *Historical Society of Science*. It has already published a volume of correspondence of English scientific men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and has, we believe, nearly ready a collection of popular treatises on general science, composed in the Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and English languages, from the tenth to the fourteenth centuries.

ligion, shew us the brightness of thy countenance; but he heeds not their words. His servants and officers then approach and pray: "O lord, manifest thy peace to those men who come from distant lands and desire shelter in the shadow of thy glory;" and after such petition he rises and puts one corner of his garment out of the window, which is eagerly kissed by the pilgrims. One of the lords then addresses them thus: "Go in peace; for our lord, the light of the Mahomedans, is well pleased and gives you his blessing." This prince, being esteemed by them equal to their prophet, they proceed on their way, full of joy at the words addressed to them by the lord, who communicated the message of peace. All the brothers and other members of the khalif's family are accustomed to kiss his garments; and every one of them possesses a palace within that of the khalif; but they are all fettered by chains of iron, and a special officer is appointed over every household, to prevent their rising in rebellion against the great king. These are enacted in consequence of an occurrence which took place some time ago, and upon which occasion the brothers rebelled, and elected a king among themselves: to prevent this in future, it was decreed, that all the members of the khalif's family should be chained, in order to prevent their rebellious intentions. Every one of them, however, resides in his palace, is there much honoured, and they possess villages and towns, the rents of which are collected for them by their stewards; they eat and drink, and lead a merry life. The palace of the great king contains large buildings, pillars of gold and silver, and treasures of precious stones. The khalif leaves his palace but once every year, viz. at the time of the feast called Ramadan. Upon this occasion many visitors assemble from distant parts, in order to have an opportunity of beholding his countenance. He then bestrides the royal mule, dressed in kingly robes, which are composed of gold and silver cloth. On his head he wears a turban, ornamented with precious stones of inestimable value; but over this turban is thrown a black veil, as a sign of humility, and as much as to say: See, all this worldly honour will be converted into darkness on the day of death. He is accompanied by a numerous retinue of Mahomedan nobles, arrayed in rich dresses, and riding upon horses, princes of Arabia, of Media, of Persia, and even of Tibet—a country distant three months' journey from Arabia. This procession goes from the palace to the mosque on the Botsra gate, which is the metropolitan mosque. All those who walk in procession are dressed in silk and purple, both men and women. The streets and squares are enlivened by singing, rejoicings, and by parties who dance before the great king, called khalif. He is loudly saluted by the assembled crowd, who cry: "Blessed art thou, our lord and king;" he thereupon kisses his garment, and, by holding it in his hand, acknowledges and returns the compliment. The procession moves on into the court of the mosque, where the khalif mounts a wooden pulpit and expounds their law unto them. The learned Mahomedans rise, pray for him, and praise his great kindness and piety; upon which the whole assembly answer, "Amen!" He then pronounces his blessing, and kills a camel, which is led thither for that purpose; and this is their offering, which is distributed to the nobles. These send portions of it to their friends, who are eager to taste of the meat killed by the hands of their holy king, and are much rejoiced therewith.

He then leaves the mosque, and returns alone to his palace, along the banks of the Tigris, the noble Mahomedans accompanying him in boats until he enters this building: he never returns by the way he came; and the path on the bank of the river is carefully guarded all the year round, so as to prevent any one treading in his footsteps. The khalif never leaves his palace again for a whole year. He is a pious and benevolent man; and has erected buildings on the other side of the river, on the banks of an arm of the Euphrates, which runs on one side of the city. These buildings include many large houses, streets, and hostels for the sick poor, who resort thither in order to be cured. There are about sixty medical warehouses here, all well provided from the king's stores with spices and other necessities; and every patient who claims assistance is fed at the king's expense until his cure is completed. There is further the large building called Dar-al-Maraphan, in which are locked up all those insane persons who are met with, particularly during the hot season, every one of whom is secured by iron chains until his reason returns, when he is allowed to return to his home. For this purpose they are regularly examined once a month by the king's officers appointed for that purpose; and when they are found to be possessed of reason, they are immediately liberated. All this is done by the king in pure charity towards all who come to Bagdad either ill or insane; for the king is a pious man, and his intention is excellent in this respect.

Benjamin next visited the ruins of Babylon; and he describes minutely the remarkable remains near Hillah, known in modern times as the Birs Nemroud. Near Napacha, on the Euphrates, he saw the "synagogue of the prophet Ezechiel," where Ezechiel was said to be buried; and after making an excursion into Arabia, he returned to Bassora on the Tigris, and to the Shat-el-Arab, which river he passed, and entered Khuzestan. The account of the city of Shushan, and of the tomb of Daniel, will afford a remarkably characteristic specimen of the work of Benjamin.

"Four miles from thence begins Khuzestan, Elam of Scripture, a large province, which, however, is but partially inhabited, a portion of it lying in ruins. Among the latter are the remains of Shushan, the metropolis and palace of king Ochashverosh, which still contains very large and handsome buildings of ancient date. Its seven thousand Jewish inhabitants possess fourteen synagogues; in front of one of which is the sepulchre of Daniel, who rests in peace. The river Ulai divides the parts of the city, which are connected by a bridge: that portion of it which is inhabited by the Jews contains the markets; to it all trade is confined, and there dwell all the rich; on the other side of the river they are poor, because they are deprived of the above-named advantages, and have even no gardens nor orchards. These circumstances gave rise to jealousy, which was fostered by the belief that all honour and riches originated from the possession of the remains of the prophet Daniel, who rests in peace, and who was buried on their side. A request was made by the poor for permission to remove the sepulchre to the other side, but it was rejected; upon which a war arose, and was carried on between the two parties for a length of time; this strife lasted until 'their souls became loath,' and they came to a mutual agreement, by which it was stipulated that the coffin which contained Daniel's bones should be deposited alternately every year on either side.

Both parties faithfully adhered to this arrangement, which was, however, interrupted by the interference of Sanjar Shah Ben Shah, who governs all Persia, and holds supreme power over forty-five of its kings. This prince is called in Arabic Sultan-al-Fars-al-Khabir, and his empire extends from the banks of the Shat-el-Arab unto the city of Samarkand and the Kizil Osein, encloses the city of Nishapur, the cities of Media, and the Chapton mountains, and reaches as far as Tibet, in the forests of which country that quadruped is met with which yields the musk: the extent of his empire is four months and four days' journey. When this great emperor, Sanjar, king of Persia, came to Shushan, and saw that the coffin of Daniel was removed from side to side, he crossed the bridge with a very numerous retinue and accompanied by Jews and Mahomedans, and inquired into the reason of those proceedings. Upon being told what we have related above, he declared that it was derogatory to the honour of Daniel, and commanded that the distance between the two banks should be exactly measured, that Daniel's coffin should be deposited in another coffin, made of glass, and that it should be suspended from the very middle of the bridge, fastened by chains of iron. A place of public worship was erected on the very spot, open to every one who desired to say his prayers, whether he be Jew or Gentile; and the coffin of Daniel is suspended from the bridge unto this very day. The king commanded that, in honour of Daniel, nobody should be allowed to fish in the river one mile on each side of the coffin."

After giving some curious information relating to Persia, Benjamin conducts us to Samarkand and to the borders of Tibet; whence returning to Khuzestan, he proceeded into India, and to the island of Khandy. Benjamin of Tudela was the first European we know who has mentioned China; his account of the "sea which bounds it" is a curious specimen of oriental legend: the "griffin," so well known in the European literature of the middle ages, is the famous rokh of the *Arabian Nights*.

"From thence (Khandy) the passage to China is effected in forty days: this country lies eastward; and some say that the star Orion predominates in the sea which bounds it, and which is called Sea of Nikpha. Sometimes so violent a storm rages in this sea that no mariner can reach his vessel; and whenever the storm throws a ship into this sea, it is impossible to govern; the crew and the passengers consume their provisions, and then die miserably. Many vessels have been lost in this way; but people have learned how to save themselves from this fate by the following contrivance: they take bullocks' hides along with them, and whenever this storm arises and throws them into the sea of Nikpha, they sew themselves up in the hides; taking care to have a knife in their hand, and being secured against the sea-water, they throw themselves into the ocean; here they are soon perceived by a large eagle, called griffin, which takes them for cattle, darts down, takes them in his gripe, and carries them upon dry land, where he deposits his burden on a hill or in a dale, there to consume his prey; the man, however, now avails himself of his knife therewith to kill the bird, creeps forth from the hide, and tries to reach an inhabited country: many people have been saved by this stratagem."

From the far East, Benjamin returned to Egypt, of which country also he gives us some valuable notices; and, after visiting Poland and Germany, his itinerary ends in France. It is a remarkable circumstance, and one which

cannot be too much regretted, that the narrative of Benjamin's travels, as it now exists, is, as also the case with one or two other similar books, only an abridgment of the original work. The original is said to exist somewhere in the east; but the researches of travellers have not yet been successful in bringing it to light. In its absence, the abridged narrative is a useful and interesting historical document; and so convenient an edition as that given by Mr. Asher cannot fail to be acceptable to the public. He has revised the text with amazing labour, sparing no pains in his researches after different early printed editions or manuscripts; and, in addition to more miscellaneous matter, his notes contain a vast mass of curious and novel information relating to the numerous distinguished Jews of his time whom Benjamin saw or heard of in the course of his wanderings. The second volume contains, in addition to the notes, a most learned treatise by Dr. Zunz, on the geographical literature of the Jews; another by M. Lebrecht, on the state of the khalfate of Bagdad; and a third, by Dr. Zunz, on the geography of Palestine, from Jewish sources—the latter peculiarly interesting.

Poetical History of England. By the Rev. N. Meeres, B.D., St. John's College, Cambridge. Pp. 83. Souter and Law.

As the author's note to us with his little volume is not private, and sufficiently explains the nature of his production, we are free to copy it as our introduction. It follows:

"*Hampstead Heath, Aug. 12, 1841.*

"Gentlemen,—The author of the *Poetical History of England* will feel much obliged by the Editor's review of his work. The author flatters himself that the poetry, which is in heroic verse, would be found respectable. The poem on her present Majesty is the first of the kind; and the chronological dates are introduced in the shortest and easiest manner, for the purpose of rendering the little work useful and interesting to the more juvenile classes of society—I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, yours very faithfully,

"NATH. MEERES."

The preface gratefully acknowledges the "exertions" of friends who have assisted the writer in his great undertaking; and we come to the important history itself in its impressive heroics. It opens thus:

"The learner is to understand the number one thousand before each of the dates: thus, for William the Conqueror, which is expressed in poetry by sixty-six, is to be understood one thousand and sixty-six; and so of all the other kings' reigns.

The Conqueror's reign in sixty-six began;
He died by fall, his horse in ashes ran."

William Rufus, Henry I., and Stephen, have each their couplet; the last informing us that

"In the year one hundred and thirty-five
King Stephen at England's crown did arrive."

The succession proceeds, and is distinctly traced, though we only quote a few of the most poetical and interesting.

"Two hundred and sixteen then is nam'd;
And Henry the Third the kingdom then claim'd.

Three hundred and seven then names the year,
When Edward the Second as king did appear.

Three hundred and seventy-seven will show
King Richard the Second kill'd by a blow.

In four hundred and eighty-three the power
Of Edward the Fifth was clos'd in the Tower.

In four hundred and eighty-five the crown
To Henry the Seventh descended down.

In the year five hundred and forty-seven
Reign'd Edward the Sixth, who soon fled to heaven.

In the year six hundred and eighty-eight
King William the Third appear'd in great state.

In seven hundred and two Queen Anne now bless'd
The British nation, and was much caress'd.

In seven hundred fourteen the Brunswick race
From King George the First we clearly can trace.

In seven hundred and twenty-seven we see
How George the Second claim'd his pedigree.

King George the Third, the darling of the realm,
In seven hundred and sixty takes the helm.

In eight hundred and twenty the sceptre was sway'd
By George the Fourth, who good taste display'd.

King William the Fourth took supreme command—
In eight hundred thirty he ruled the land.

In the year eight hundred and thirty-seven
Victoria reigns by the behest of Heaven."

The chronology being thus disposed, we arrive at the poetical history; and of this it is also our duty to afford a specimen or two.

"*The Plantagenet race.*—Henry the Second: A.D. born 1132; began to reign 1154; died 1189.

A second Henry now assumes the sway
Of England's realms, the French in part obey.
Inflam'd with rage at Becket's rising power,
Who fell a martyr in the unguarded hour.
Then Henry had recourse to Becket's shrine,
And paid him honours which were thought divine.
A victory gain'd by arms which still maintains
The union firm, as Ireland now remains.
Fair Rosamond's beauty proves how false the charms
Which wound the wife, and rouse her vain alarms."

House of Lancaster.—Henry the Fourth: A.D. born 1367; began to reign 1399; died 1413.

A noble earl in concert with his son
Would nullify those deeds the king had done;
He nobly fought, that Mortimer might reign,
And thus the throne of England bravely gain;
But Hotspur fell in battle's thick array,
And thus were chang'd the prospects of the day."

Of Edward IV. we learn, that

"Immured in sinful pleasures he prevail'd,
And on Jane Shore much misery entail'd;
He reek'd his cruel vengeance on Burdett,
Whose buck was kill'd, and who felt much regret;
The king did thus his indignation shew,
And on Burdett a halter did bestow.
This tyrant's reign was soon cut short by death;
While war prepar'd, he yielded up his breath."

And coming nearer to our own times, the following striking passages relate to affairs of high consequence.

"Thousands of French to Moscow then advance,
Inclement weather much their woes enhance;
In northern climes their sufferings were intense,
Entomb'd in snow by numbers quite immense;
The city then in conflagration blaz'd,
The people were distress'd, and much amaz'd;
In horrible confusion and despair,
Thousands of victims did these torments share.

To St. Helena Bonaparte was sent,
Where much his ruin'd fortune did lament.

Peel now succeeds the senate well to lead,
Since Sidmouth from his office did recede;
Lord Londonderry falls by his own hands,
A monument of human weakness stands;
The mind, depress'd by studies too intense,
Must sink exhausted with the best defence.

The Irish papists then demand relief,
Which caus'd to Protestants abundant grief.
Emancipation, which had been denied,
Both Wellington and Peel did now decide,
That insurrection they might then prevent,
The parliament should give their free consent.
The debt which kings and subjects all must pay,
Must be discharg'd without the least delay;
When death, commission'd by the Lord of life,
The blow to strike, which ends all mortal strife.

Reform in parliament was much desir'd,
With flaming zeal the British nation fir'd;
When Wellington this boon at first refus'd,
Of want of policy he was accus'd;
To no reform the duke would then consent,
Which caus'd to some the greatest discontent."

The hymn to the reigning monarch is yet more fervent than the rest. The loss of her father is deplored, though

"A heavenly crown adorns his royal head,
Increasing lustre on the duke is shed."

But, on earth, like happiness awaits his offspring; for

"A royal consort worthy such a bride,
Appear'd in Albert, England's hope and pride.
This handsome prince replete with every grace
Of form and mind that nature's line can trace—
The sovereign's hand receives, whose youthful heart
Must joy convey, and nuptial bliss impart."

The birth of the Princess Royal evokes still more exalted strains—so high, indeed, as to be little, if at all, short of profanity:—

"Sweet babe, adorn'd with innocence and love,
As one descended from the courts above.

The pearl of price beyond all mortal worth,
Though humble shepherds first announc'd the birth;
This heavenly gem, of price beyond compute,
Angelic strains would languish and be mute,
And Gabriel's harp refuse to strike the cord,
That sounds redemption through our blessed Lord."

The poem, however, is rather confused in this sublime portion; and we are not sure but the last passage may apply to missionary labours, and not to the Princess Royal: to whom, so soon as she can read, we earnestly recommend Mr. Meeres' *History*.

In fact, there is no history like it; the nearest approach being Dibdin's ballad,

"The Romans in England once did sway,
After them the Saxons led the way;"

which seems to have suggested the idea of this superlatively poetical, but useful volume.

Under the Patronage of H.R.H. Prince Albert, and the Royal Humane Society. Prize-Essays of the National, now the British Swimming Society, on the Art of Swimming. For 1829, by J. Mason; for 1840, by A. M. Payne. Pp. 56. Lond. Horne.

To this pamphlet, which we had noted *timeously*—i.e. in spring—for review, our attention has been re-attracted, by reading in the daily journals, that during last week the British Swimming Society's silver medals were *suum* for in the Serpentine by twelve selected competitors—i.e. the three best of four preceding mornings' exercises,—and carried off by individuals of the names of Lewis, Kenworthy, and Jonas. The next six are to receive the medals in bronze. The distance, 400 feet, was done altogether in seven minutes; viz. four in crossing, and three in returning.

Ladies in our European circles object to swimming, we understand, because of getting wet; but we are told that in warmer climates they swim about like dear ducks.

The majority of little children are afraid of the water, because their mothers warn them to be frightened; and therefore they only dabble in the mud or shallows, like lame ducks, and dread the grand plunge which immerses them over head and ears in the speculation, to sink or swim.

All this is quite natural; but manly sense still tells us, that it would not, on many disastrous occasions, be amiss if females were less terrified in accidents by water, and had ever so slight a power of self-preservation; and that youth of the other sex were taught an art, pleasing and salutary, by which they might, in the course of years, and not uncommon circumstances, save their own and other lives.

That swimming is not a part of every boy's education would be a mystery and reproach, but for the universal truth that Everybody's business is Nobody's business; and so we are left untaught, generation after generation, to flounder and drown, and drown others, singly or in dozens, just as the event may happen.

The Humane Society is an association which has our best wishes; for it incites to and rewards noble exertions for the salvation of human life. But we confess that we never see its apparatus, ladders, ropes, boats, and daring men, in the winter season, in the Regent's or Hyde Park, without laughing at it. It should then change its title, and be called "The Society for the Preservation of Fools;"—such are the idiots who never heard of the thick-ribbed

ice, and fancy they can slide, and skate, and gambol on the thin.

But the ex-National, now British Swimming Society, is a society which ought to be patronised by every really sensible person (though the number of these may be the minority of the population), and go on swimmingly. Prevention is better than cure. Better be able to swim a bit, than be hawled out by the drags, and restored by the most skillful means that ever were applied to suspended animation.

Seriously, we are of opinion that this institution cannot be too extensively encouraged, and its practices spread throughout the country,—by the country meaning the waters thereof, and not the land. To us (born and bred on the banks of a clear and tempting river) it seems a stigma upon humanity, that a grown-up being, if casually thrown into the water, should be unable to sustain himself for a time till assistance may reach him, instead of sinking like a log, or more painfully distressing the equally helpless spectators by a few vain, desperate, and ineffectual splashing struggles.

But we need not go into the merits of swimming, which the two prize-essays in this pamphlet ably enforce, and which the ease and energy (may we not add grace?) exhibited in the Serpentine during the morning trials of last week, illustrated in a very striking manner. The art is almost natural; every animal can use it, without teaching, for self-preservation; and ought we, the highest of created things, to be the only creatures altogether impotent when out of the element in which we ordinarily move? A few hours will suffice to teach the most timid boy to keep himself afloat; a few months will make him an expert swimmer, fearless for himself, and able to aid less fortunate, because on this point neglected, companions.

In France there is a National School of Natation; there ought to be the same, like this of London, in every quarter of Britain where there is a sea, a river, a canal, a lake, or a pond. We ought to be the nation of frogs in this aqueous competition; even were we to send the Lord Waterford as our ambassador to the Tuilleries.

But to get from this desultory dip in divers places, we must say something of Mr. Mason and of Mr. Payne, their prize-essays. Mr. Mason sheweth the antiquity of the art, since man "wore arms;" and adduces Pharaoh's daughter, who found Moses in the rushes, as a swimmer; but perhaps she was only bathing in the decent fashion of Margate or Brighton. Nevertheless it is true, as stated by Mr. M., that both the Greeks and Romans considered the art of swimming a necessary qualification for every gentleman; as is apparent from the proverb by which they denoted an ignorant man—*Neque literas neque natare didicit*—he has learnt neither to read nor to swim. Indeed a man unable to swim was, by the Romans, looked upon as one unfit to live.

The next two quotations, though to the purpose, are not quite grammatical, or nominally correct enough for a prize-essay.

"The Turks, observes Mr. Elliot, are proverbially fond of bathing; and frequent ablutions, and abundance of water, is a luxury in such a climate. . . . The ancient Franks were so celebrated for their skill in the art of swimming, that Sidonius Apollinaris [Apollinaris] employs the epithet of swimmers to distinguish them from other savage tribes."

But leaving antiquity, we come to home and present times, on which the writer well observes—

"We may now advert to the actual state of

the art in England, where we cannot find that it was ever taught as a branch of education, although there have been many who professed to give instruction. It might be expected that in an insular country like ours, abounding in rivers and lakes, a knowledge of the art would be very general, and carried to great perfection, and yet we find few swimmers in comparison with the population. Let us endeavour to ascertain the cause of this. In hot climates, as was before observed, bathing is absolutely essential to health, and the comfort of a bath induces great numbers to learn swimming; the temperature of the water being so mild that they can remain in it a considerable time without inconvenience. England, on the contrary, having a cold climate, there are only a few months in the year when the water is tempting to a novice, and even then it is too cold to admit of bathing for any length of time. From this cause many lose the benefits arising from swimming. Besides, in England *tempus est pecunia*—a livelihood cannot in general be secured but by continuous exertion; and bathing, being commonly considered merely as an amusement, rather than as a necessary to health, is almost unavoidably disregarded. . . . One of the causes of the paucity of swimmers arises from fear. Many parents, commendably anxious for the safety of their offspring, but regardless of future danger, forbid them to enter the water, or even to approach it; thereby implanting in the minds of the young a dread of the element, which is with difficulty eradicated. This too great solicitude for children's welfare is eventually the cause of danger. Were they to learn swimming while young, in a bath, or other commodious and safe place, their lives would not be so often in jeopardy, and much painful anxiety would be spared. But future preservation is neglected for what appears to be present security, and children are daily exposed to dangers which might be easily avoided by their taking a few lessons in the natic art."

At the conclusion of his remarks Mr. M. concisely says, "We have thus endeavoured to shew that, under proper restrictions, swimming strengthens the frame; that the rich derive benefit from the exercise, the poor from its cleanliness; that the health of students and other persons of sedentary habits is improved by it; and that it serves as a safeguard from danger."

Of the proper rules of the art, after the general recommendation, we are advised that the swimmer, "whilst yet a novice, should be stimulated to venture into deep water, by swimming round a teacher standing just within depth, and especially by accompanying those who are adepts. Above all, he should learn to maintain his equilibrium by steady movements, and to abstain from that manner of struggling with and hugging the water, so detrimental to progression in the art, and the only cause of sinking."

Learn to swim alone; all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.

The body, if left to itself, with the head thrown back so as to rest in the water, will float without any movement of the limbs; but should the learner struggle, the head and arms, being the heaviest parts of the human frame, are thrown forward, and the lightness of the trunk causes the immersion of the head, and the danger of drowning. The grand object, then, should be the banishment of fear."

Mr. Payne's eulogé is not less deserving of favourable attention as a clever essay—a little ambitious, but still to the purpose. We can, however, only conclude with him,—

"That the time may come when the utility of swimming will become so palpable as to cause its universal adoption, must be the urgent and ardent desire of every true lover of his species."

And we quote this within a few days of Michaelmas:—what more sterling proof could we give of our hearty approbation of every thing that may induce our readers, and all the rest (the few remaining) of the people of Great Britain, to follow the excellent example of the British Swimming Society, establishing similar clubs, and trying to swim?

Essays. By R. W. Emerson, of Concord, Massachusetts. With Preface by Thomas Carlyle. 12mo, pp. 371. London, Fraser.

MR. CARLYLE approves of this book; and no wonder, for it out-Carlyles Carlyle himself, exaggerates all his peculiarities and faults, and possesses every slight glimpses of his excellences. It imitates his inflations, his verbiage, his Germanico-Kantian abstractions, his metaphysics and mysticism; but wants the originality, the soul, the high and searching intellect, which, in spite of these "primitives and prables, look ye," ever and anon burst out with something to fill the reader with admiration, and set the mind to work upon noble expressions and striking and grand ideas. Not such is the editor's follower and *protégé*, Ralph Waldo Emerson, though he does describe him and his volume, in his queer phraseology, to be "a kind of articulate human voice, speaking words," "from the heart of him," "no matter in what fashion;" and not "another of the thousand thousand ventriloquisms, mimetic echoes, hysteric shrieks, hollow laughs, and mere inarticulate mechanical babblements, the soul-confusing din of which already fills all places."

The enigmatic style of this school is generally too prominent; and even of his own Transatlantic compeer, Mr. Carlyle is obliged to acknowledge, that "flickering like bright bodiless Northern Streamers, notions and half-notions of a metaphysic, theosophic, theologic kind are seldom long wanting in these *Essays*. I do not advise the British Public to trouble itself much with all that; still less, to take offence at it. Whether this Emerson be 'a Pantheist,' or what kind of Theist or *Ist* he may be, can perhaps as well remain undecided. If he prove a devout-minded, veritable, original man, this for the present will suffice. *Ists* and *Ism*s are rather growing a weariness. Such a man does not readily range himself under *Ism*s." And, to recommend him still farther, he adds:—"In a word, while so many Benthamisms, Socialisms, Fourierisms, *professing* to have no soul, go staggering and lowering like monstrous mooncalves, the product of a heavy-laden moonstruck age; and, in this same baleful 'twelfth hour of the night,' even galvanic Puseyisms, as we say, are visible, and dancings of the sheeted dead,—shall not any voice of a living man be welcome to us, even because it is alive? For the rest, what degree of mere literary talent lies in these utterances, is but a secondary question; which every reader may gradually answer for himself. What Emerson's talent is, we will not altogether estimate by this Book. The utterance is abrupt, fitful; the great idea not yet embodied struggles towards an embodiment. Yet everywhere there is the true heart of a man; which is the parent of all talent; which without much talent cannot exist. A breath as of the green country,—all the welcomer that it is New-England country, not second-hand but first-hand country,—

meets us wholesomely everywhere in these *Essays*: the authentic green Earth is there, with her mountains, rivers, with her mills and farms. Sharp gleams of insight arrest us by their pure intellectuality; here and there, in heroic rusticism, a tone of modest manfulness, of mild invincibility, low-voiced, but lion-strong, makes us too thrill with a noble pride. Talent? Such ideas as dwell in this man, how can they ever speak themselves with *enough* of talent? The talent is not the chief question here. The idea, that is the chief question. Of the living acorn you do not ask first, *How large* an acorn art thou? The smallest living acorn is fit to be the parent of oaktrees without end,—could clothe all New England with oaktrees by and by. You ask it, first of all: Art thou a living acorn? Certain, now, that thou art not a dead mushroom, as the most are?—But, on the whole, our Book is short; the Preface should not grow too long. Closing these questionable parables and intimations, let me in plain English recommend this little Book as the Book of an original veridical man, worthy the acquaintance of those who delight in such; and so: Welcome to it whom it may concern!"

As the master, so the pupil; as the recommender, so the recommended,—only that the latter is often more quaint, more stilted, and more unintelligible; for we are not understanders of "half notions," and, to say the truth, hardly of many which seem to be meant for whole ones. We select an example of the best order:—

"Experienced men of the world know very well that it is always best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained any thing who has received a hundred favours and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbour's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part, and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transactions remains in the memory of himself and his neighbour; and every new transaction alters, according to its nature, their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbour's coach, and that 'the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it.' A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is always the part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for, first or last, you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise, you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most-benefits. He is base,—and that is the one base thing in the universe,—to receive favours, and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort."

Were we to analyse this quotation, with its axiomatic vagueness, we should have to dissect a mass of contradictions involved in words without import. We can scarcely tell what the

writer would be at; but we perceive that he is wrong, and only that the principle he would establish is good.

But we proceed to a still more untractable jumble of words, which affect our common sense as phantasmagoria affect our sight. Perhaps more acute readers may make more of them:—

"Every soul is a celestial Venus to every other soul!! The heart has its sabbaths and jubilees, in which the world appears as a hymenial feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances. Love is omnipresent in nature as motive and reward. Love is our highest word, and the synonym of God. Every promise of the soul has innumerable fulfilments; each of its joys ripens into a new want. Nature, uncontainable, flowing, forelooking, in the first sentiment of kindness anticipates already a benevolence which shall lose all particular regards in its general light. The introduction to this felicity is in a private and tender relation of one to one, which is the enchantment of human life; which, like a certain divine rage and enthusiasm, seizes on man at one period, and works a revolution in his mind and body; unites him to his race, pledges him to the domestic and civic relations, carries him with new sympathy into nature, enhances the power of the senses, opens the imagination, adds to his character heroic and sacred attributes, establishes marriage, and gives permanence to human society."

The illustration is more homely and intelligible; here is a piece of it:—

"All mankind love a lover. The earliest demonstrations of complacency and kindness are nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases the girls about the school-house door;—but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child arranging her satchel; he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him: and these two little neighbours, that were so close just now, have learned to respect each other's personality. Or who can avert his eyes from the engaging, half-artful, half-artless ways of school-girls who go into the country shops to buy a skein of silk or a sheet of paper, and talk half an hour about nothing with the broad-faced, good-natured shop-boy? In the village they are on a perfect equality, which love delights in, and without any coquetry the happy, affectionate nature of woman flows out in this pretty gossip. The girls may have little beauty, yet plainly do they establish between them and the good boy the most agreeable, confiding relations, what with their fun and their earnest, about Edgar, and Jonas, and Almira, and who was invited to the party, and who danced at the dancing school, and when the singing school would begin, and other nothings concerning which parties cooed."

Not to be too prolix with a work of this sort, of which any two or three pages afford a fair criterion by which to judge of the whole, we conclude with one other sample of Massachusetts Carlylery.

"Conversation is a game of circles. In conversation we pluck up the *termini* which bound the common of silence on every side. The parties are not to be judged by the spirit they partake and even express under this Pentecost. To-morrow they will have receded

from this high-water mark. To-morrow you shall find them stooping under the old pack-saddles. Yet let us enjoy the cloven flame whilst it glows on our walls. When each new speaker strikes a new light, emancipates us from the oppression of the last speaker, to oppress us with the greatness and exclusiveness of his own thought, then yields us to another redeemer, we seem to recover our rights, to become men. O what truths, profound and executable only in ages and orbs, are supposed in the announcement of every truth! In common hours society sits cold and statuesque. We all stand waiting, empty,—knowing, possibly, that we can be full, surrounded by mighty symbols which are not symbols to us, but prose and trivial toys. Then cometh the god, and converts the statues into fiery men, and by a flash of his eye burns up the veil which shrouded all things: and the meaning of the very furniture, of cup and saucer, of chair and clock and tester, is manifest. The facts which loomed so large in the fogs of yesterday,—property, climate, breeding, personal beauty, and the like, have strangely changed their proportions. All that we reckoned settled shakes now and rattles; and literatures, cities, climates, religions, leave their foundations, and dance before our eyes. And yet here again see the swift circumscription. Good as is discourse, silence is better, and shames it. The length of the discourse indicates the distance of thought betwixt the speaker and the hearer. If they were at a perfect understanding in any part, no words would be necessary thereon. If at one in all parts, no words would be suffered. Literature is a point outside of our hodiernal circle, through which a new one may be described. The use of literature is to afford us a platform whence we may command a view of our present life, a purchase by which we may move it. We fill ourselves with ancient learning; install ourselves the best we can in Greek, in Punic, in Roman houses, only that we may wiser see French, English, and American houses and modes of living. In like manner, we see literature best from the midst of wild nature, or from the din of affairs, or from a high religion. The field cannot be well seen from within the field. The astronomer must have his diameter of the earth's orbit as a base to find the parallax of any star."

In short, our Ralph Waldo E. is a circular philosopher.

Essay on Sex in the World to Come. By the Rev. G. D. Houghton, B.A. 12mo, pp. 333. T. and W. Boone.

WHETHER it would be better to confine such essays and speculations to the world we inhabit, is a question which we gladly leave to casuists and metaphysicians, wishing to enjoy our own opinion on the subject undisturbed. Our immediate business is with Mr. Houghton, unhappily a *Bachelor* of Arts, and therefore about as competent to treat of the sex in the world to come as in the present allocation of this earthly tabernacle. His object seems to be to picture the next life, beyond the grave, as more interesting and desirable to us than it has hitherto been represented by writers (see preface) who have invited us to the consideration of its joys; and at page 4 he observes, "that our theories of the life to come are sadly defective, and needlessly unattractive, will be assented to by every man of more than ordinary sensibility and imagination, and thereby religion itself is the loser. The common-place and the dull may

not note a deficiency, but spirits more 'finely touched' will find it an atmosphere too thin to bear their pinions, or to exalt their hopes. The profanity of Lord Byron in sneering at the common accounts of the next world, and of the employments of the blest, has been often and justly condemned. Yet the tone of it is reprehensible much more than the substance." In order to mend the belief, Mr. Haughton sets out to prove that the distinction of sex will outlive the present transitory scene, and constitute an eternal difference—a sex in souls, as Addison has expressed it—and source of bliss.

His arguments go to prove that there is nothing in revelation contrary to this doctrine; and, taking his peculiar view of the condition of angels, he infers that the disembodied spirits of men and women will follow a similar rule. In order to understand this we quote:—

"It is a most shallow supposition that a field for the display of high qualities can ever be wanting wherever intelligences are found; for freedom of will is the property of all spiritual existences. Now these views, however incontrovertible, are quite at issue with the sentiments generally imbibed on the nature of the angelic life. We seem to dread an admixture of earthly elements even in our vague meditations on this subject. We assign to them a state of insipid monotony; imagine them animated with but one train of interests; conceive them as all sharing the same undisputed views, and enjoying a happiness constantly maintained at the same level, tranquil and unexcited. And when reminded that a state so passionless can have slight attraction indeed for beings like ourselves, our usual reply is (and surely a most unsatisfactory and insufficient one), that we shall then, by a mysterious change, be able to relish that which we admit to our present views would be cloying and insipid. But how a physical change—for death is no more—can produce a violent and total alteration of all our moral ideas, and even of our conception of happiness, is more than we can understand. Equally baseless with the view which we have been combating is that other fancy, that the bliss of the angels is maintained at one even flow, ever full and unvarying. For if so, at least according to our earthly apprehensions, the feeling of satiety could not fail to steal in, and to cloy the guests even of the celestial banquet. Besides, the confutation of this opinion follows at once as a corollary from the more expanded views which we have sought to enforce. Wherever high interests are involved and imperilled, wherever mighty destinies are hung in counterpoise, there of necessity must high emotions be generated—the flush of hope—the joy of victory—the agony of disappointment. The very name of one, at least, of the angelic orders (for heaven, be it remembered, is no democracy) might teach us that natures, though celestial, may yet be impassioned; for the word *seraphim*, being interpreted, is the *ardours* of heaven. We have as yet only argued for the existence of all the more vehement affections of the soul in this elevated class of creation, with, of course, their counterpart objects; but we might plead the cause much higher, and say that they must there reach an intensity which is here inconceivable; for this corruptible body sets a bar to all extravagant emotions. And this remark applies not only to the indulgence of those malign sentiments which are proverbially so adverse to health,—which poison the springs of life, while they embitter and defile the spirit,—but even to the state of joy. Too full a tide of happiness would burst the weak ramparts of

the flesh almost sooner than an intolerable grief. It is our doom here to have only moderate satisfactions; we are forbidden ecstasies. Our organs, though wondrously endowed, are still too weak for any passion of the soul that would lead to them. We are obliged to break, not only bad news, but even good. A too sudden access of even the best intelligence has often proved fatal."

The illustration of this latter datum is grotesque enough, when we look at the nature of the subject.

"A case recently came before the coroner of Middlesex, where a young man, before in deep poverty, on hearing that he had been bequeathed a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds, passed into a state of such frenzied excitement as to commit suicide. To our frail members too high a transport is not less a fearful thing than the tossings of despair. And many are the instances where a too-long delayed, yet anxiously awaited, marriage has but led to a speedy and eternal parting. 'And many brides have died under the hands of paronyms and maidens dressing them for uneasy joy—the new and undiscerned chains of marriage; according to the saying of Ben-sirach, the wise Jew, 'The bride went into her chamber, and knew not what should befall her there.'"

Moore's Loves of the Angels are, according to Mr. H.'s theory, likely to be absolute facts, and only a small portion of the system, instead of being poetical imaginings; and their connexion with the affairs of earth is far more close, general, and intense, than has hitherto been discovered. But even our earthly pleasures would be ill exchanged for those of Paradise, did we not carry along with us our mundane senses, companions, and enjoyments; for, says our author,

"Who can paint the desolation of that spirit which after leaving 'the precincts of the cheerful day,' and this green blooming earth, and all its sweet companionships, goes forth into an unknown universe alone and unattended? * * * Or can we conceive of her on whom love and homage have always waited, whose pure but impassioned nature has never been without its counterpart objects, to whom friendship, however noble, would be but an insipid exchange for those keener and more exquisite feelings which are to her as the breath of life, and which the relations of life gave ample room for, but whose occupation, according to the ordinary representations of the other life, is for ever gone; whose infancy was watched over with untiring care, and whose growth, as each day she became

'More sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,'

was but the signal for exchanging the caresses of parents for the adoring fondness of a husband, to whom the tones of love are become a want, and an averted look would be anguish; and one who, beside all the deliciousness which what we have said implies, has moreover exulted in all the pride of life, and all the gratifications of sense; at whose banquets the voice of music ever rose, and in whose gay halls neither mirth, nor song, nor dance, have ever failed, filled as they always were with a bright assemblage of the high, the talented, the valorous, and the fair: and who yet amid so dazzling a scene was scarcely chargeable with a fault more serious than that of Wordsworth's village maiden,

'Whose heaviest sin it was to look
Askance upon her pretty self,
Reflected in some crystal brook;'

and whom we only prized the more for some slight frailties, because revealing her as

'A being not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;—'

can we conceive of her, the heroine of this sentence, after closing her eyes on this world, as at once consigned to a state merely intellectual, with no objects around which her affections might twine or cling; or as entrusted to guardians, though of a higher order, but between whom and herself there exists, and can exist, no community of thought, and no congeniality of feeling? In this case there might be protection, but there would be no society, and that is essential to happiness; for the being we have imagined has always lived in sympathy, and could only exist on its finest reciprocations. To constitute true society, there is required not only a general agreement of sentiment, but something also of the same grasp of intellect. It is necessary that the parties (if we may so express it) should live at the same rate, and their minds in operation observe a proportion. The mind whose glance is swift as lightning, whose memory holds the records of unfathomable ages before the foundations of the earth were laid, whose experience is rich with the history and achievements, not of one planet, but of an entire system,—such a mind, we say, would but ill accord with our slower procedures and our scantier knowledge. If in the celestial regions we are to find not protectors merely, but genial friends and companions, then is it necessary that we should meet with those whose faculties and acquirements bear some proportion to our own, who are not 'too bright nor too good' for us, as the poet boldly says. We need something better than security—we ask love."

But to return to angelic intercourse and superintendence, Mr. Haughton's ideas are no less strange and startling concerning them.

"We apprehend (he says) the main objection to this ancient belief would consist in a feeling (we use that word advisedly; for it could scarcely be sustained by serious argument) that supernal natures would be more spiritually employed, and that themes so agitating as our earthly transactions would but ill accord with their smooth beatitude and beautiful and unruffled passions. We picture them as occupied in acts of unceasing adoration; and it appears like sacrilege to intermingle them, even in thought, with the turmoils of earth. This, however, is a purely gratuitous fancy, though from its very nature it deserves to be treated with respect and tenderness. Moreover, it is a notion as shallow as it is gratuitous; for if their faculties resemble ours, such a condition of immortality may be pronounced impossible. Besides, to entertain it, we must unlearn all our ideas of nobleness and heroism; we must, in fact, say that the excellence of the other world and of this present reversed ideas; we must maintain that the love and charity of the celestial are quite different qualities from those of the sublimary sphere. * * *

"The maxim of the generality is, that to form a heaven, you must reverse every idea of earth. Hence sex disappears, hence the denizens of it are clothed in moral and intellectual perfection. A most baseless imagination, unfounded in reason, unproved by experience, and totally opposed by Scripture. For that plainly testifies in words without a limitation, 'there is none good save one, that is God;' (or the Good One); and of the angels it says, 'He chargeth His angels with folly, and the stars are not pure in His sight.' We shall there, as

here, be in a *growing state* morally and intellectually. Our understandings will still be finite, and finiteness implies imperfection, and liability to error. Our hearts, though expanded, will still not be unbounded, but subject to the influence of local ties. Our sources of interest and enjoyment will be as distinct and manifold as they are now. The distance between the mathematician and the poet will not be less vast. Diversity of views and policy will exist there; for oneness of the faculties necessarily generates it, even where there is no obliquity of the heart, or intentional error. Great sacrifices will still be demanded, and a conquest over every meaner passion. And it is only by thus connecting the two worlds that we can find a reason for the discipline we are subjected to here, or be enabled to justify the ways of God to man. * * * Even in Eden man could not be happy alone. Nor could he be pleased or satisfied with a fac-simile of himself. He requires not his own resemblance, but his contrast. The Almighty has formed the human race in two contrasts; and all happiness, as well as perfection, is a middle term resulting from the combined action of both. * * * The greater the tension of the faculties, the more is the need of relaxation and unbending. And who can best supply this desideratum? In whose presence is it that every care vanishes, and the soul regains her serenity, her verdure, and her fragrance? For this office is required a more airy and delicious spirit than usually resides within the breast of man, one less ambitious and more attuned to sympathy. Moreover, believing, as we do, that in the next life our affairs will be more momentous, and our interests in them more vital and agitating than what we experience here (there is nothing unpleasing in this prospect, divorced as we shall then be from every animal want, and every humiliating sensation), we naturally conceive that the same divine philanthropy in which sex originated will also ensure its permanence."

Mr. Haughton is not a Mahomedan; for he adds,—

"Moreover, love is felt through the magic of the form. That magic will be more potent than we have ever felt it on earth. The celestial body will be more characteristic of the qualities of its owner than the coarser fabric we inhabit now. Nothing offends us more than any striking disproportion in this regard. We cannot tolerate it even in names, still less in forms. How appropriate to the one sex are the rich and vowelled syllables, that fall so gently from the lips, sounding so airy and bright! and could they be exchanged for the shorter and rougher names assigned to the other, without a painful incongruity and sense of violence? Much more, then, may we be assured that in the future state the characteristic qualities of both will retain their characteristic exterior. A spirit of love and gentleness would naturally be invested in a form of more delicacy, fragility, and grace—with a softer and smoother surface, a voice more tender and impassioned, and eyes of sweet and fawn-like ray, that 'comfort, and not burn.' These will continue to difference her from what Mr. Coleridge would call her exact and harmonious opposite. To this we may add a comparative smallness of frame and want of power—in short, all the outward signs which help to form beauty, and to provoke love."

So be it. Amen.

D'ISRAELI'S AMENITIES OF LITERATURE.

[Third Review.]

WE had done what this interesting work demanded from us, to make it known to the public; but the subjoined, relating to the Reformation and the time of Edward VI., is so striking a picture, and relates to so extraordinary an individual, Robert Crowley, that we must add it *per se* out of pure love.

"Another incident, in which our vernacular literature was remotely connected, was the calling in of the ancient rituals, missals, and other books of the Latin service, and establishing the book of Common Prayer in the common language. But the people at large seemed reluctant to alter their antiquated customs, which habit had long endeared to them. While they had listened to an unintelligible mass, they had, from their childhood, contracted a spirit of devotion. Their fathers had bowed to the mass as a holy office from time immemorial; and from their childhood they had attached to it those emotions of holiness which were not the less so by their erroneous association of ideas. When their religion became a mere act of parliament, and their prayers were in plain English, all appeared an affair of yesterday. The church-service seemed no longer venerable, the new priesthood no longer apostolical; and the giddy populace protested against the common dues exacted by their neighbour the curate, for their marriages, and baptisms, and funerals. They forsook their churches, and even refused to pay tithes. It is in revolutionary periods that we find men adapted for these rare occasions; who, had they not lived amid the commotions around them, had probably not emerged out of the sphere of their neighbours. Such minds quickly sympathise with popular grievances and popular clamours, and obtain their information, often at the sacrifice of their individual interest, as if the cause were their appointed vocation. They are advocates who plead, imbued even by all the prejudices of their clients; they are organs resounding the fulness of the passions around them: a character of this order is the true representative of the multitude; and we listen to all their cries in the single voice of such a man. And such a man was Robert Crowley, a universal reformer through church and state; whose unwearied industry run the pace of his zeal; whose declarations were as open as his designs were definite; and whose resolved spirit pursued its object in every variable form which his imagination could invent, and which incessant toil never found irksome. Crowley had been a student at Magdalen College at Oxford, and obtained a fellowship. At the close of the reign of Henry the Eighth, Crowley appears to have sojourned in 'the great city;' and in that of Edward the Sixth, we must not be surprised to discover the fellow of Magdalen established as a printer and bookseller, and moreover combining the elevated characters of poet and preacher. How it happened that a man of letters, and not undistinguished by his genius, adopted a mechanical profession, we may account for from the exigencies of the time. Possibly Crowley's fellowship was what Swift once called 'a beggarly fettlethip.' In the hurried reform of the day, 'universal good' was attended by 'a great evil.' In the dissolution of the abbeys and priories, they had also demolished those useful exhibitions proceeding from them, by which poor students were maintained at the universities. Many, thus deprived of the means of existence at college, were compelled to forsake their alma-mater, and seek another course of life.

It was probably this incident which had thrown this learned man among the people. How Crowley contrived to fulfil his fourfold office of printer, bookseller, poet, and preacher, with eminent success, the scanty notices of his life disappoint our curiosity. We would gladly enter into the recesses of this man's arduous life. Did he partition the hours of his day? What habits harmonised such clashing pursuits? Was he a sage whose wisdom none of his followers have gathered? Was the shop of the studious man haunted by learned customers? When we think of the printer's press and the bookseller's counter, we are disposed to inquire, Where mused the poet, and where stood the preacher? Crowley is the author of many controversial pieces, and some satirical poems reflecting the manners and the passions of his day, all which enjoyed repeated editions. But he was not less a favourite sermoniser. He touched a tremulous chord in the hearts of the people, and his opinions found an echo in their breasts. The pulpit and the press, perhaps, had been his voluntary choice, to print out what he had spoken, ere it perished, or offer a supplement to a sermon in some awful tome of theology and reform. His Pulpit and his Press!—those two prolific sources of faction," exclaimed Thomas Warton. As a printer and book-vendor, Crowley is distinguished by that curiosity of research which led him to be the first publisher of 'The Visions of Piers Ploughman,' which had hitherto slept in the dust of its manuscript state. Warton restricts the merit of his discovery merely to the fervour of a controversialist eager to propagate his own opinions; and truly the bold spirit of reform, and the satirical strokes on the ecclesiastics of the times of Edward the Third, in that remarkable and unknown author, were in unison with a reformer in the age of Reformation. It must be confessed that the historian of our poetry cherished some collegiate prejudices, and that his native good-humour is liable to change when his pen scourges a Puritan and a Predestinarian, as was Robert Crowley. But Warton wrote when he imagined that the suppressed absurdities of Popery required no longer any strong satire from a Calvinist; and as Crowley, too, lived to hold many dignities in the reign of Elizabeth, Crowley appeared to Warton to be the member of 'a church whose doctrines and polity his undiscerning zeal had a tendency to destroy.' Strype has only ventured to describe Crowley as 'an earnest professor of religion.' The meek curate of Low Leyton could not rise to the magisterial indignation of one of the 'heads of houses,' one who, at least, ought to have been, and who, I understand, probably missed the honour and the profit by his own ingenuous carelessness. One of the most striking productions of this earnest reformer, for its freedom, was his address to the assembled parliament. The title is expressive—'An Information and Petition against the Oppressors of the Commons of this Realm.' Compiled and imprinted for this only purpose, that among them that have to do in the parliament, some godly-minded men may heretake occasion to speak more in the matter than the author was able to write.' Crowley too modestly alludes to any deficiencies of his own; his 'information' is ample, and doubtless conveyed to the ear of those 'who had to do in the parliament' what must have startled the oldest senator. Who are 'the oppressors of the poor commons?' All the orders in society! the clergy—the laity—and, above all, 'the Possessioners!' This

term, 'the Possessioners,' was a popular circulating coinage struck in the mint of our reformer; and probably included much more than meets our ear. Every land-owner, every proprietor, was a 'Possessioner.' Whether in an orderly primitive commonwealth there should be any 'Possessioners,' might be a debatable point in a parliament composed of 'the poor Commons' themselves, with our Robin for their speaker. But however this might be, 'the Possessioners of this realm,' as he calls them, 'could only be reformed by God working in their hearts, as he did in the primitive church, when the Possessioners were contented and very willing to sell their possessions, and give the price thereof to be common to all the faithful believers.' This seems perfectly intelligible; but our reformer judged it required some explanation—as thus: 'He would not have any to take him as though he went about to make all things common.' Doubtless, there were some propagators of this new revelation of a primitive Christian community, and as little doubt that Robin himself was one; for, he adds, 'If the Possessioners know how they ought to bestow their possessions, and he had already instructed them, in that case 'he doubted not it should not need to have all things made common.' Such was the logic of this primitive radical reformer. A bland compromise, and a sturdy menace! This 'grievance' of the 'Possessioners' might be reformed, till poverty itself became a test of patriotism. They had yet to learn that to impoverish the rich is not to enrich the poor. At that day they were bewildered in their notions of property, and their standards of value; they had neither discovered the sources nor the progress of the wealth of a nation. They murmured at importation, for which they seemed to pay the penalties, and looked on exportation as a conveyance of the national property to the foreigner. They fixed the prices at which all consumable articles were to be sold; the farmer's garner was inspected; the landlords who became graziers were denounced; forestallers and regraters haunted the privy councils of the king; the markets were never better supplied; and the people wondered why every article was dearer. About this time the prices of all commodities, both in France and England, had gradually risen. The enterprise of commerce was probably working on larger capitals. As expenses increased, the landlords held that they were entitled to higher rents. In Crowley's denunciations 'God's plague' is invoked against all 'lease-mongers, pilling and polling the poor commoner.' The parliament of Henry the Eighth had legalised the interest of money at ten per cent; Robin would have this 'sinful act' repealed: loans should be gratuitous by the admonition in Luke, 'Do ye lend, looking for no gain thereof.' In this manner he applies the text against usury. They seemed to have no notion that he who bought ever intended to sell. This rude political economist proposed that all property should be kept stationary. No one should have a better portion than he was born to. Where then was to be found the portion of 'the poor commoner' not born to any? or him whose loss of fortune was to be repaired by industry and enterprise? Prices advanced; double rents! double tithes! Our radical preacher attacks his brother ecclesiastics. 'We can neither come into the world, nor remain in it, nor go out of it, but they must have a fleece! Let it be lawful to perform all their ministries by ourselves; we can lay an honest man in his grave without a set of carrion-crows scent-

ing their prey.' The splendour of the ancient landed aristocracy, and the prodigal luxury of the ecclesiastics, more forcibly struck their minds than those silent arts of enlarged traffic which were perpetuating the wealth of the nation, and producing its concomitant evils. While the people were thus agitated, divided, and distracted, the same state of disorder was shaking the more intelligent classes of society. Our mutable governments during four successive reigns gave rise to incidents which had not occurred in the annals of any other people. With the higher orders it was not only a conflict of the old and the new religions; public disputations were frequent, creeds were yet to be drawn from school-divinity, the artificial logic of syllogisms and metaphysical disputations held before mixed audiences, where the appellant, when his memory or his acumen failed him, was disconcerted by the respondent; but when the secular arm was called in, alternately as each faction predominated, and the lives and properties of men were to be the result of these opinions, then men knew not what to think, or how to act. What had served as argument and axiom, within a few years, a state proclamation condemned as false and erroneous. A dereliction of principle spread as the general infection of the times, and in despair many became utterly indifferent to the event of affairs to which they could apply no other remedy than to fall in with the new course, whatever that might be."

EMINENT MEN OF ABERDEEN.

[Third Review.]

THE life of the Scottish Vandyck, Jamieson, well deserves perusal; but we look to that of George Dalgarno, as less generally known.

"In the year 1680 Dalgarno published his work on the teaching of the deaf and dumb."

It was called *Didascalophus*; and there is a copy of it in the library of Dr. Glennie, of Marischal College, Aberdeen.

In it "Dalgarno proceeds to shew that the dumb man's instruction ought to commence as early as that of the blind; and he conceives that 'there might be successful addresses made to a dumb child even in its cradle, when he begins *risu cognoscere matrem*, if the mother or nurse had but as nimble a hand as commonly they have a tongue.' This part of the treatise is exceedingly interesting and well written. It is remarkable to find that at so early a period Dalgarno had formed the most sanguine notions as to the extent to which the education of dumb persons might be brought. We find him laying down a system by which a dumb person and a blind might communicate together—an achievement of which the enlightened nineteenth century gets the credit; and he also contemplates the practice of a finger-alphabet by dumb men with one hand. His directions for the use of the finger-alphabet are: '1. Touch the places of the vowels with a cross touch with any finger of the right hand. 2. Point to the consonants with the thumb of the right hand.' The whole treatise appears to us to be at once amusing and instructive. His *Discourse on Double Consonants* will also repay a perusal. It is somewhat remarkable, that Wallis, who he d, like Wilkins, borne testimony to the merits of Dalgarno's first work, has been charged with having borrowed from the *Didascalophus* in writing his letter upon the education of the deaf and dumb, which first appeared in the *Philosophical Transactions* for the year 1698. It is but fair, however, to mention, that many years before the appearance of Dalgarno's work,

the attention of Dr. Wallis had been turned to the teaching of the deaf and dumb, as appears from some remarks which he has made in his treatise *De Loquela, seu Sonorum Formatione*, appended to his *Grammatica Lingua Anglicana*, published in 1653. In his *Didascalophus*, as well as in his *Discourse on Double Consonants*, Dalgarno has spoken in high terms of his friend Dr. Wallis. About this period the attention of a number of learned men was turned to the teaching of the deaf and dumb."

So there is nothing new under the sun; though the art has been revived and improved in our day.

Of John Spalding, all that we need notice is, that he has given his name to the Antiquarian club of Aberdeen, whose first work we reviewed in a recent *Literary Gazette*, holding a very opposite opinion upon it to that expressed by Mr. Bruce, who says:—

"The first work which the club gave to the world was a book exceedingly unlike Spalding—a *History of Scots Affairs from 1639 to 1641*, by James Gordon, parson of Rothiemay, which being almost totally unreadable, the club selected as worthy of being published for the entertainment and delight of the members; and accordingly they printed it 'on special good paper and in a very good letter,' as Winstanley said of the works of John Ogilvie; the only external faults about the book being its ugly shape and the awkward manner in which the year of God is printed on the title-page; in both of which respects the taste of an antiquary is manifested; for no reflecting person would lay the blame of either deformity upon a printer of the nineteenth century, if left to his own discretion and the light of nature."

Robert Gordon was an Aberdeen miser, but the founder of splendid charities now existing in that city. Of him Mr. Bruce relates—

"Many curious anecdotes of Gordon are on record; but a doubt hangs over their genuineness, from the circumstance that several of them are nearly identical with what are related of other misers. He lived, or rather starved, in a small hired apartment, his whole expenditure not exceeding, it is said, five pounds a year. Various were the methods by which he contrived to satisfy his hunger without spending any of his money; one of the least ingenious being his practice of going through the public markets tasting the provisions, as if he wished to know their quality. His method of warming himself in cold weather is entitled to more credit, as an effort of science—'He had discovered,' says one of his biographers, 'the secret of deriving warmth from coals without consuming them as fuel; for although the grate in his cheerless chamber was always filled with them, yet they were never wastefully kindled, but merely kept in their own place as a matter of propriety. Their calorific virtue he derived from carrying a 'birn' of them on his back, and thus pacing about his room till he walked himself into a comfortable glow.* With regard to his economy in the victualling department there is an excellent story on record, which squeamish people may consider below the dignity of biography. Having one day found a rat drowned in a bowl of buttermilk which was in his press, he took care not to remove the body of the deceased till he had squeezed out of him all that he could get of his own property. Gordon, who is said to have been an intelligent and well-informed man, delighted

* "From a well-written article on Gordon's Hospital, by Mr. John Ramsay, which appeared in the *Letter of Marque*, a periodical published in the year 1834."

much in rational conversation, which is a luxury that costs nothing, and is good for the health. When a friend would call on him of an evening, he did not consider it necessary to light a candle, as he justly observed that 'one could see to speak in the dark.' 'His dress,' says the writer whom we have before quoted, 'displayed a struggle between his pinching propensities and some ambition to appear in a habit suitable to his rank as a gentleman. Gloves he allowed himself; but he knew that they would last all the longer for being never put on, and so he always carried them in his hand.' Most of Gordon's biographers have described him as a man of good taste; and Francis Douglas mentions that he left behind him a good collection of coins and medals. He is also said to have been fond of reading; and he displayed some judgment in his choice, if he purchased that copy of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* which now lies in Marischal College. In order to indulge his literary habits in the dark evenings, he contrived to get as much light as to see the page before him by boring a hole in the floor of his apartment and lying down on his side, and getting the benefit of a lamp in a cobbler's room in the floor below. On the 13th December, 1729, Gordon executed and signed a deed of mortification, disposing of his whole substance, which amounted to ten thousand pounds sterling, for the founding and endowing of an hospital for the 'maintenance, aliment, entertainment, and education of young boys whose parents are poor and indigent, and not able to maintain them at schools, and put them to trades and employments.' On the 19th September, 1730, he signed a supplementary deed confirming the former one. We cannot omit mentioning here the conduct of Provost Cruickshank, in whose time this mortification was left to our city. It appears that Gordon had a sister married to a poor but respectable man, to whom she had borne a numerous family. To provide for his destitute sister and his nephews and nieces would have been the first object of a Christian; but avarice hardens all feelings of natural affection. 'While he one day conversed with the provost of Aberdeen,' says Mr. Douglas, 'on the subject of his intended settlement, the provost modestly insinuated, that, however commendable such institutions were, yet near and respectable connexions merited some notice. The gentleman's humanity was speedily checked by a short but severe rebuke to the following effect: 'What have I to expect, sir, when you, who are at the head of the town of Aberdeen's affairs, plead against a settlement from which your citizens are to derive so great benefits?' Mr. Douglas has spoken with right feeling on the Christian conduct of the chief magistrate, and with the indignation which a sound-hearted man should entertain at the opposite disposition of Gordon. His biographer in Chambers' work has formed quite a different judgment. He is of opinion that the provost received a 'well-merited rebuke' for his impertinent interference; and does not see that 'there was any strictly moral obligation upon him, as there was certainly none of a legal nature, to bestow upon his relatives any part of that wealth which he had acquired by his own industry; and when we take into account the invaluable and extensive benefits which he conferred on the public by so acting, we should pause before we condemn his seeming want of natural affection.' We have no knowledge of what standard of morals this writer looks on as obligatory upon him. By the New-Testament system, this moral ob-

ligation is such as can neither be set aside nor evaded. Writers of biographical dictionaries may have invented a code of morals infinitely superior, in their estimation, to that of the Gospel; but, for our part, we can tolerate no appeal from the judgment of Scripture pronounced in the clearest and most terrible terms—'If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.' With regard to the gross and disgusting sophistry of calling upon us to 'take into account the invaluable and extensive benefits which he conferred on the public by so acting,' we have nothing whatever to do with such a consideration. The New Testament is not to be trampled under foot for reasons of finance."

The subjoined traits of Dr. Beattie will interest the public:—

"In the year 1767 Dr. Beattie married the daughter of Dr. James Dunn, the rector of the grammar-school, by whom he had two sons, both of whom died before their father. It was soon after his marriage that he wrote the famous *Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth*, which laid the foundation of the extensive reputation which he enjoyed as a man of letters, and was the means of procuring for him an introduction to royalty, and, when added to his other means, a comfortable independence for life. About this period the infidel writings of David Hume created a sensation in the country greater than perhaps any works, hostile to religion, which had previously appeared in this country, had done. Against the doctrines of Hume, Beattie wrote this essay, the object of which is, to shew that there are certain things which we must believe, though we may not be in a condition to prove their absolute truth, and that we are led to this belief by our common sense. The essay was finished in 1767, but was not given to the world till the year 1770. Between these years he had shewn it to Sir William Forbes and several others of his friends, who all highly approved of the manner and the ability with which he had handled his subject; and he himself had made various alterations and amendments upon it. The whole was ready for press by the autumn of 1769. Beattie, however, was disinclined to run the risk of publishing the work at his own expense, as he considered that it was not reasonable that he should suffer in his pecuniary interests for having been the champion of the immutability of truth; and he thought, besides, that if a bookseller should give a sum of money for the work, he would then have an interest in doing all in his power for the sale of the book. Beattie, therefore, intrusted his friends Sir William Forbes and Mr. Arbuthnot with his manuscript, in order that they might dispose of it to a publisher. The name of the author was not then known further than as connected with a small volume of *Original Poems and Translations*, which had been published at London in the year 1790, and had not attracted much notice. His friends failed in procuring any bookseller who would publish the work on his own account, though all of them were willing to do so at Beattie's risk,—a circumstance which, as Sir William Forbes says, 'strongly marks the slender opinion entertained by the booksellers at that period of the value of a work which has risen into such well-merited celebrity.' Though discouraged by their failure, Beattie's friends resolved not to let the world lose so valuable a defence of religion; and, after some consideration, fell upon a plan of giving it to the public, which is entitled to much credit for its ingenuity. They were aware that Beattie not only

had objections, which no arguments could overcome, to losing money by the speculation, but was also decidedly averse to doing any thing for the benefit of truth without receiving that reward to which he felt that the advocate of the best interests of mankind was most justly entitled. They, therefore, in order to overcome his scruples, wrote to him that they had sold the work for fifty guineas, but had stipulated with the bookseller that they should be partners with him in the transaction. At the same time they transmitted fifty guineas from themselves to Beattie, who expressed his satisfaction with the sum, as exceeding 'his warmest expectations.' 'On such trivial causes,' says Sir William, 'do things of considerable moment often depend; for had it not been for this interference, in a manner somewhat ambiguous, perhaps the *Essay on Truth*, on which all Dr. Beattie's fortunes hinged, might never have seen the light.' In all this transaction the strict integrity of Beattie is conspicuous. He adhered to his principle of not allowing his zeal in a good cause to injure his worldly interest. He was lucky in having friends who deceived him so much to his advantage, and who acted so faithfully on the philosophy which he himself had inculcated. In a letter to Sir William, written some time before, Beattie lays it down that 'happiness is desirable for its own sake—truth is desirable only as a means of producing happiness; for who would not prefer an agreeable delusion to a melancholy truth? What, then, is the use of the philosophy which aims to inculcate truth at the expense of happiness, by introducing doubt and disbelief in the place of confidence and hope? Surely the promoters of all such philosophy are either the enemies of mankind, or the dupes of their own most egregious folly.' The result of this manœuvre of Beattie's friends proved the wisdom of his doctrine. The publication of the essay, accomplished in this singular manner, brought honour and wealth, and respect and fame, to the author; and the devisers of the scheme do not appear to have regretted that it was by a temporary sacrifice of truth that they were enabled to establish its eternal immutability."

The *Essay on Truth*, it is thus shewn, was published in consequence of a *Lie*! *

[To be concluded in our next Number.]

• To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In a note quoted in your last, p. 605, from Bruce's *Eminent Men of Aberdeen*, that writer observes, that in St. Francis of Sales' *Introduction to a Devout Life* he found to his surprise a passage, "teaching us that there are people against whom we are bound to be very scurrilous." "I except always," he says, "the declared enemies of God and his Church; for these we must disparage as much as we can, as all heretics, schismatics, and their fomenters; it is charity to cry out against the wolf when he is among the sheep, yea, wherever he be." Allow me to place before you the original French from an early edition of the saint's works; and I think it will be seen that Mr. Bruce has misunderstood his meaning:—"J'excepte entre tous les ennemis déclarés de Dieu et de son église: car ceux-là il les faut décrier tant qu'on peut, comme sont les sectes des hérétiques et schismatiques et les chefs d'écarts; c'est charité de crier au loup quand il est entre les brebis, voire où qu'il soit." I think it is evident that this holy prelate, so distinguished for meekness and charity, was guided by both in the above admonition. He speaks only of declared enemies of God and his Church, public, open impugnors of the truth; and of sects of heretics, &c., and their chiefs or leaders; and not, as Mr. Bruce's version would lead one to suppose, "all heretics, schismatics, and their fomenters." The saint, moreover, speaks through an anxious desire to preserve the sheep from destruction; and his admonition amounts to little more than that of the apostle (Titus iii. 10) to avoid and reject "a man that is a heretic; or the well-known maxim of St. Augustine: *Detilige homines: interfecte errores.*"

Sept. 21, 1841.

F. C. H.

Ancient Spanish Ballads, historical and romantic. Translated, with Notes, by J. G. Lockhart, Esq. A new edition, revised. With numerous illustrations, from Drawings by W. Allan, R.A., David Roberts, R.A., W. Simpson, H. Warren, C. E. Aubrey, and W. Harvey. The Borders and ornamental Vignettes by Owen Jones, Architect. London, Murray.

SUCH is the title-page of a very beautiful edition of a very beautiful work. When it first appeared we paid heartily the tribute due to Mr. Lockhart's fine taste and charming poetry, breathing the true spirit of the old Spanish song, and combining tenderness and heroism in a degree unsurpassed by compositions of any other age or nation. The volume is now produced with every luxury of typography and embellishment, which has been gradually becoming the rage of our day, and which can hardly be carried beyond the novelty and excellence of this performance. If we could suggest an improvement in the former, it would be to have a very black ink instead of the pale and the blue which occur on the early pages, and indeed throughout. The effect of contrast with the red and blue borders and red letters would, we think, be more striking.* The designs are, however, delightful; and so are those of the vignettes, which remind us of the most exquisite of the ancient missals. The variety of gay colours in the ornaments is also very appropriate to Moorish fashions and romance.

From the uniformity of subjects, battles and love-affairs, there is not room for a great variety in the style of illustrations. Warriors in conflict or in acts of slaughter, gallant horsemen and monks, and beautiful maidens and their lovers, with towers, landscapes, sea-scenes, and grand processions, are the chief of them. All these are extremely interesting; the death of Don Alonzo de Aguilar being our favourite of them all. But the best of them are not superior to the text; and though we will not go the length of the poet, and say,

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,"

is wasteful and ridiculous excess, we will say, that Lockhart's *Ballads* are well deserving of the highest companionship of the fine arts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Charles Chesterfield; or, the Adventures of a Youth of Genius. By Mrs. Trollope, authoress of "The Widow Barnaby," "Widow married," "Michael Armstrong," &c. &c. 3 vols. Colburn.

THIS work having appeared piecemeal, as is the fashion of the day, it remains for us to do little more than notice its publication in three volumes. The desultory form of writing is not the best calculated for the display of Mrs. Trollope's acknowledged ability and style; yet many passages evincing acute observation, and descriptions of character to be found in the *Adventures of a Youth of Genius*, will amply repay a perusal.

We do not enter either upon detail or criticism; for it is a rule with us not to offer opinions upon the cursive Nos. of our periodical contemporaries; and *Charles Chesterfield* has, as we have said, been previously running his course in the widely-circulated pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*—speaking of which, by the by, we may notice that report assigns the editorship

* The bull (the black bull, we may call it), the tail-piece to the fight of Gaur, affords a strong example of this.

of that publication to *Thomas Hood*, as the successor of *Theodore Hook*. Our passing literature could not furnish an individual better able to supply its great loss; and the literal approximations of the names is somewhat curious: *Th. Hood* might on a mutilated inscription, revived some centuries hence, be interpreted to stand for either.

According also to the present fashion, *Charles Chesterfield* is emblazoned with wood-cuts, which are smart tableaux of striking situations described in the text.

The Microscopic Journal, and Monthly Record of Facts in Microscopical Science. Edited by Daniel Cooper. London, 1841. Van Voorst. PARTS I. and II. of this recent periodical have just reached us. Each part contains three numbers, and each number the proceedings of the Microscopical Society of London: the more interesting papers read at the society are given in full or in abstract, and illustrated by wood-cuts. Besides these, there is much original matter, together with "extracts and abstracts" from foreign journals, "microscopical memoranda," &c. &c., relative to the living and extinct wonders of microcosm. We need not enlarge on the value of the microscope, nor on the advantages a faithful record of the progress of microscopic science and a collection of widely spread facts will afford; but only remark, that the specimens before us of the journal give promise of all that is to be desired in this respect.

The Eighth Annual Report of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

GIVES proofs of considerable progress and prosperity: may a long continuance and an increase of the like proofs attend the labours of the Cornwall Society, which we hold in high estimation. Our recent report of the annual meeting of 1841, and the length of time the society has been established, render it unnecessary for us to describe the objects pursued. The report before us clears up an apparent obscurity in Mr. Hunt's letter (in *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1286): at least, to our idea, the "depositing of hollow utensils" by the electrolyte process was not generally intelligible. Mr. T. B. Jordan proposes to produce hollow vessels, or, indeed, any article which leaves the workshop of a copper-smith, by the deposition of the metal on fusible moulds, &c. &c. (See his paper.)

The Law and Practice of Letters Patent for Inventions, Statutes, Practical Forms, and Digest of Reported Cases. By T. Webster, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Special Pleader. 8vo, pp. 144. Crofts and Blenkarn.

AN eminently useful work, not only for professional men, but for all who have any interest in patent inventions. The difficulties and intricacies which beset the subject are clearly treated and defined by Mr. Webster, whose book is a guide not to be dispensed with.

Illustrations of Arts and Manufactures, &c. By Arthur Aikin, F.L.S., F.G.S., &c. Pp. 376. Van Voorst.

THIS valuable and useful compendium, selected from the papers communicated by Mr. Aikin, as secretary, to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures, is replete with instructive matter. But we have reported them all, or nearly all, as they occurred; and need only say to all those who wish the mass of instruction collected together in a convenient form, that for information on the manufactures of pottery, limestone and calcareous cements,

gypsum and its uses, furs and the fur-trade, paper, iron and its ancient history, hat-making, engraving and etching, and bones, these *illustrations* are of a nature to gratify the inquisitive reader in a simple manner and eminent degree.

Proceedings of the General Anti-Slavery Convention in London, June 12 to 23, 1840. 8vo, pp. 597.

Second Annual Report of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. Pp. 142.

RECORD the progress of these active and benevolent associations, and contain much various matter of deep interest to all who feel a Christian desire for the extinction of slavery.

A Practical Exposition of the Gospel according to St. John. By the Rev. Robert Anderson, Brighton. Vol. I. Pp. 447. Hatchard.

MR. ANDERSON is not only locally well known and warmly followed on account of his persuasive eloquence, but much valued as the author of several religious treatises, among which a similar exposition of the Romans has reached several editions. The present work is well worthy of his previous reputation; and when finished will doubtless be equally acceptable to the public, and especially to members of the Church.

Medical Advice to the Indian Stranger. By J. McCosh, M.D. Pp. 171. Lond., Allen. LIKELY to be extremely serviceable to Europeans on their arrival in eastern and tropical climes.

A Manual of Queen Victoria's Second Parliament, &c. Pp. 34. (Simpkin and Marshall.) This adds some useful features to parliamentary guides, as in distinctly showing the seats gained by parties, giving a separate list of retired and defeated members, and a classified summary of the late election-results. We observe some errors in it; as, for instance, the numbers in the return for Flintshire, p. 14; and for Dumfriess, p. 33, where the name and politics of the unsuccessful candidate are misprinted and misstated.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LONDON ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

SEPT. 21st.—Several interesting communications were laid before the society.

1. A third communication from Mr. T. Pine "On the ripening or maturing and decline of vegetation." This completes the series of opinions on electro-vegetation, by tracing, in general terms, the *modus operandi* in the later stages of vegetation. The facts adduced are important, and promise, when reduced into a less general form, to acquaint us with some of the causes which influence the mysteries of vegetable life.

2. "The effects of a lightning-flash," by Mr. W. Tractelton. The writer traces the path it pursued, and mentions its fatal effect on a child who was near.

3. "Notice of a test for nitric acid in the sulphuric acid employed in exciting voltaic batteries;" by the hon. secretary. The secretary made some preliminary observations upon the destructive effects by local action, arising from the presence of small quantities of nitric acid; and communicated from Dr. Leeson, of St. Thomas's Hospital, a test by which its presence may be detected, viz. a solution of sulphate of indigo. Some of this is to be mixed with the suspected acid, and the flame of a spirit-lamp applied: if pure, the blue colour will remain; if containing nitric acid, it will disappear.

4. Notice on "the relative powers of certain diaphragm-voltaic combinations;" and "on a new form for the negative element in voltaic arrangements;" by the hon. secretary. The

secretary communicated to the society a table, which had been constructed by Professor Grove, containing the galvanometric deflections obtained from twenty-four different arrangements; and gave his observations upon the nature and structure of the table. He then stated, that Mr. Grove had given him, for the society, the description of a method to enhance the electro-motive power of acid batteries. Instead of employing plates of copper, Mr. Grove has fitted up, in the laboratory of the London Institution, an arrangement with copper-wire gauze; and recommends that platinised silver gauze be used in the arrangement of Mr. Smee. By this means, not only will a greater surface be exposed to action, but the two elements may be more closely approximated; because the floods of hydrogen can escape outside, instead of inside, the silver element. Mr. Walker recommended the deposition of copper, or copper-gauze; then plating; and, finally, platinisation.

5. "On certain phenomena connected with the spark from a secondary coil:" by Mr. J. P. Gassiot. The fact here described is, that the spark appears at the cathode, when the wires are placed side by side, or at any angle. The mode of testing the nature of the electrode was by means of a solution of iodide of potassium.

6. "An account of a method of electro-gilding and electro-plating at the expense of the mode:" by Mr. Charles V. Walker, hon. secretary. The author described the two modes of conducting electrolyte experiments: 1st, by the employment of a single cell; and 2d, by the employment of a generating cell and a decomposition trough; and expressed his surprise that all the present modes of plating and gilding are conducted upon the former plan. He thought, from this circumstance, that there was some physical difficulty connected with the latter mode, when silver or gold is used as an anode, and at first hesitated about making the attempt; but when he reflected on the nature of the patented solution, viz. the cyanide, it seemed possible that the positive elements might combine with the noble metals; and if so, this mode would, in point both of certainty and economy, be far preferable to the other. To put the matter to test, he went through a series of experiments, employing gold and silver anodes; and succeeded in effecting the desired combination. The author states, that the management of the cathode, or object to be plated, is not so much connected with the philosophy of the process, as is the management of the anode. A solution of oxide of silver, and one of oxide of gold, each dissolved in cyanide of potassium, is submitted to the action of a small, weakly excited Daniell's battery; a plate, or wire of silver, is used in one solution, and of gold in the other. The deposit is obtained in a few seconds; and the gold and silver anodes combine with the cyanogen, and supply the place of the metal released. It will be readily conceived that this method is far superior to the other; because by the single-cell arrangement the noble metals are released from their salts, and the strength of the solution must be kept up by a fresh supply of the salt. Now, these salts are both expensive and troublesome to make; whereas in this new mode, after once forming a solution, it may be employed for an indefinite length of time, its strength being always maintained by the mere expense of the metal employed: and by this means Mr. Walker conceives he has reduced to a minimum the expense of electro-gilding and plating. A description was given also of a "regulating ap-

paratus," by means of which thick deposits could be obtained, without the need of constant attention. The paper was illustrated by a series of medals, some gilded, others plated, by this method.

7. "A monthly register for August of the electrical, &c. condition of the atmosphere:" by Mr. Weekes. This was drawn up with his usual care and industry. Appended was a note of the August meteors; and also a statement of the general salubrity of the month.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, 22d, Professor Owen in the chair.—A communication by Mr. Quekett, secretary, was made "On some entozoa found on the body of a water-rat." The discussion that ensued embraced the whole known parasites of the animal kingdom. Those of the mammalia, with the exception of the human species, have as yet been little noticed, and offer a new field of inquiry: on the human body thirteen different species of entozoa, varying in character according to their habitats, have been found. Mr. Quekett had observed four species on the lungs of a porpoise. It was stated also that snakes had their varieties of parasites.

ARTIFICIAL ICE FOR SKATERS.

The proprietors of the patent artificial skating-floors have taken the extensive grounds in the New Road known as Jenkins' nursery-grounds, where they are about to exhibit publicly their skating-floors. One room will be 300 feet long and 100 wide, tastefully arranged and decorated with scenic effect by Mr. Bradwell, the celebrated machinist of Covent Garden Theatre, to whose ingenuity the public will probably be indebted for what can scarcely fail to become a place of great attraction. These artificial floors have all the appearance of ice; and upon it the common skate is used with the same facility as upon real ice. The invention is patronised by many members of the Skating Club. Besides the public rooms and promenades, there will be rooms for private societies and individual practice, where this elegant art will be taught. The artificial ice is capable of being laid on floors in gentlemen's houses—and we anticipate that more of them will have a skating-floor than a billiard-room—and when not in use, and covered by a carpet, it will have the ordinary appearance of an apartment arranged for domestic comfort.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, September 21, 1841.

Academy of Sciences. Sitting of Sept. 13.—M. Flourens communicated to the Academy a letter, announcing the death of one of the most illustrious botanists of Europe—M. Decandolle, of Geneva, in his 61st year. His principal works are, the *Natural System of the Vegetable Kingdom*, and the *Flore Française*, published in company with M. de Lamarck.—M. Arago directed the attention of the Academy to the subject of hot-air blasts in smelting furnaces, and read to the members an extract on this subject from a memoir by M. Berthier, composed in 1814.—It was stated to the Academy, that since the government had suppressed the quarantine regulations for arrivals with ordinary bills of health from Algeria, much attention had been turned to the subject of revising the same regulations for ships from other parts of the Mediterranean.—M. Aubert communicated to the Academy a long memoir on this point, in which he contended that a similar relaxation

might be safely admitted in favour of all points of the Levant.—M. Jaume St. Hilaire informed the members that he had been trying a new system of cultivation for the *polygonum tinctorium*, and found that he could obtain three or four times as many leaves as by the old methods. He requested that a committee might be named to test his method in the garden of the Luxembourg.—M. Malgaigne read a long and elaborate paper on difficult cases of *hernia*.—Two new pamphlets, on the question of Marsh's apparatus for detecting arsenic, one by M. Gerdy, and the other by M. Orfila, were presented to the Academy. They combated some of the opinions of Messrs. Flandin and Danger.—M. Munch, of Munich, sent to the Academy a model of a new voltaic battery, of peculiar force and simple construction.

On occasion of the death of M. Decandolle, the great botanist, the following appeal to the city of Geneva to erect a tomb to his memory has been circulated:—

Ad civitatem Genevens. de sepulchro august. pyramis Decandollii.

Si quæ habuit vivos, eadem tellure sub imâ
Defunctos vitæ munere cura tenet;
Crede, Geneva, tuus non Decandollius isto
Quo donas condici se probat in tumulo.
Hic ubi multigeni florescens stirpe superbit
Hortus jure viri nomine et auspiciis;
Defectum hic desuit corpus mandare sepulchro,
Et titulum mutis addere marmoribus.
"Hac Decandolli cineres clauduntur in urnâ:
Exstincti hic errat sæpius umbra locis."

M. F.

Scientific Congress of France.—Geological Section. In the sitting of the 9th inst., M. Ytties communicated a valuable geological map of the department of the Ain.—A report was read on the result of the geological portion of the visit to Vienne. M. Frèrejean's extensive metallurgical works had been inspected, and a curious metalliferous vein near the town, discovered by M. de Saussure, had been examined. The geologists had also visited a portion of the recent marine formation near Vienne, whence it appeared, that at no remote geological epoch all the basin of the Rhone had formed a great marine gulf.

Archæological and Historical Section.—Cardinal de Bonald, archbishop of Lyons, sent a message to the section on the 5th inst., requesting the members to honour him with their company at the cathedral, to give him their opinion on the actual state of the edifice, and as to what changes were required.—The Abbé Boué read a valuable paper on the crypts of the churches of Lyons, five of which had these subterranean appendages.—A long discussion ensued as to the meaning of the formula so often found on Roman tombs: *Sub ascia dedicavit*. By some members it was considered that the formula with the symbol of the *ascia* signified a dedicating of the remains in the tomb to the earth; others suggested that the *ascia* was an agricultural instrument of the Romans. M. Pavy remarked that the word still existed at Lyons, where the cooper's adze was called *ascie*.

Section of Natural Sciences.—M. Jourdan read a long paper on the relation between human and animal psychology.—M. Lortel exhibited a comparative map of the progress of the cultivation of the mulberry-tree and the vine in their advance from the east to the west.—The Abbé Croizet read a very elaborate and interesting memoir on his paleontological researches in the tertiary lacustrine formations of Auvergne, confining himself merely to the *mammifera*. He had found the geological *faunas* of that country to be quite distinct from that of the Paris basin, the species of stags (twenty-

eight in number), &c., being by no means the same; and, on the whole, the Auvergne formations were much more recent than those of the Paris formations. He proved the former existence of *didelphous* animals in Auvergne. Within the last two years he had sent to the museum of the Garden of Plants, at Paris, more than 1,900 specimens; and in his own collection possessed upwards of 150 species. This was one of the most important papers read to the section: a good report of it may be found in the *Moniteur* of Sept. 14.

Archæological Section. Sept. 9.—A good deal of conversation took place on the Roman monuments at Nismes; and several papers on local antiquities were read.—M. de Caumont reported favourably of the History of Auvergne by M. Branche.

Section of Literature, Fine Arts, &c.—The sitting of the 8th Sept. was almost entirely occupied with the discussion of various systems of education. The subject was resumed on the 10th.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE GRAVES OF GENIUS.

WHERE sleep the dead, whose living tones fill'd earth
with dreams of heav'n,
Where to their lov'd and precious dust has dust at last
been given;
Where do they rest, whose honour'd names breath'd
ever of renown;
They of the burning heart and mind—they of the laurel-
crown?

Some lie beneath the sculptur'd tombs, beneath the
holy shade
Of England's old cathedral-walls wherein our fathers
pray'd;
And marble statues stand around, and o'er them banners
wave,
And chisel'd flowers in beauty bend above each hal-
low'd grave.

And some lie on a foreign shore, far from their child-
hood's home,
And only by their place of rest the stranger's step may
rouse;
And only the dark cypress-tree is left to mark the spot,
Where one may sleep whose blessed voice can never be
forgot.

And many lie beneath the sod, the village-church around,
Without a stone to tell us where their green beds may
be found;
Neglected and alone they seem—and yet it is not so,
Though seldom to their quiet graves earh's wanderers
may go.

Where sleeps the dust of those whose thoughts are not
by death laid low?
Where are the tombs of genius seen?—What matters it
to know?

Think rather of the place of rest the mighty dead must
find,
And shrines that never may decay, in every thoughtful
mind.

EMMA B.

LOVE'S REMONSTRANCE.

WHAT! for a word—an idle word—
And more in jest than earnest spoken?
Were I to note each breath I heard,
My heart would soon be chang'd or broken.
'Tis not when words are sweetest said,
Love's living flower blooms there to meet us;
The flower of love may still be dead,
Although its fragrance seem to greet us.
Then weigh not thou a word so slight,
Nor keep thy gentle bosom grieving;
The tongue that finds things ever right,
Believe me, love, 's a tongue deceiving.

Oh, if my heart had sought thee less,
Mine eyes loved less to wander round thee,
That word—of wounded tenderness—
That hasty word—had never found thee!

The dew that seeks the sun's fond gaze,
His golden lips in gladness beaming,
Meets death within his smiling rays—
His gilded fondness is but seeming.
Then weigh not thou a word so slight,
Nor keep thy gentle bosom grieving;
The tongue that finds things ever right,
Believe me, love, 's a tongue deceiving.

C. SWAIN.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

On Thursday week, at the age of 70, we have to record the death of Thomas Dibdin; a man who but too surely proved the truth of Burton's axiom, that "*poverty is the Muse's patrimony*." He was one of the sons, Charles being the other, of the famous Dibdin, whose sea-songs were a host during the late long war, and contributed perhaps as much to our naval triumphs as many thousands of gallant sailors and many a ship of the line; they gave soul to the body, and energy and courage to the soul; but even he had his reward in poverty. From very childhood Thomas devoted himself to poetry, and particularly to the drama. He wrote little short of a hundred pieces for the stage—many of them very popular; and was for a considerable time a manager of one of the great theatres. Yet all availed not; and he but inherited Burton's allotted patrimony. So well are they known, that it would be a waste in us to enumerate the productions of his pen: his last literary effort was that of editing an edition of his father's ballads, which was noticed, with the eulogy it deserved, in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1263. Late in life he married a second wife, and has left a young family, we fear totally unprovided for. His last illness must have been short; for some ten days before, we met him in the street, apparently in his usual health, though bent and asthmatic, and had the pleasure of handing him our subscription to the publication alluded to, and receiving from him thanks for what he considered favours; now, from the circumstances, rendered grateful to our memory. We hope that something may be done by government, friends, and the public, for his helpless offspring.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

COLONISATION OF NEW ZEALAND.

Go to the Ant, and learn to be wise, was the advice of the wisest of men; and when we look upon the foresight, industry, and perseverance of this minute creature, we must feel the full force of the precept. But there is another insect from which a yet more comprehensive lesson may be gathered, and one applicable to wealthier and more multitudinous communities: we allude to the Bee, the parent and prototype of the system of Colonisation. When the hive becomes too crowded, a swarm is thrown off, to settle elsewhere, and flourish on the flowers and fruits of other lands. Room is thus made for the workers at home, and the increase of their sweet riches proceeds, whilst they live in comfort and plenty. The young colony, meanwhile, establishes itself where other plentiful productions of nature afford it exhaustless supplies; and, till many seasons have rolled on, there is abundance for all, and no thronging, and struggling, and starving for want of subsistence, whilst the teeming earth offers millions of unreaped fields, only to be possessed and enjoyed.

Such reflections would occur on witnessing the departure of the second colonial expedition to New Zealand, which was celebrated by an entertainment given to the emigrants and to the friends and patrons of the New Zealand Emigration Society, at the West India Dock Tavern, on Friday the 17th, by the governor and directors of the company. Joseph Somes, Esq., the governor, presided; and near him was a distinguished party, including H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Cottingham, Lord Sandon, Mr. John Master-

man and Mr. Abel Smith, M.P.s, and other persons of rank and eminence in public life. The company was also honoured by the presence of ladies—the Duchesses of Somerset and Inverness, Lady — Douglas, and others; and there were present altogether about two hundred persons. The toasts from the chair and the illustrious duke on his right were suitable to the occasion—loyal, patriotic, and breathing success to the company, and prosperity to the expedition about to sail. Opposite to the windows, lying in the river, were three fine-looking ships, under orders for the settlement of Nelson; two of them of six or seven hundred tons burden, and the other of two or three hundred tons. The former were filled with two classes of emigrants,—a cabin class, who proceed with means to occupy an important position in their new location; and the rest belonging to the industrious and labouring orders, who seek to improve their condition where excessive competition will not cramp their efforts and interfere with their remuneration. It was stated to us that the whole number amounted to nearly a thousand. In the smaller vessel, Mr. Brees, at the head of a staff of seventeen surveyors, take their passage; and their object is to map the country, ascertain its best resources for the reception of future settlers, and probably make it the site of their own future habitations for life.

The idea of separation from the soil of our birth, and leaving those near and dear to us behind, is doubtless affecting and painful; but it gratified us to observe little of this melancholy feeling upon the present occasion. The emigrants appeared to be in good spirits, and full of hope. Many of them were accompanied by their wives and families; and some of whom it would be difficult to predicate whether or not they would be natives of New Zealand? or entitled to sing Barry Cornwall's song of "the sea?"

In our times, alas, when corn and manufactures, instead of being friends and mutual supports, are rivals and foes, and between them there is a deep distress among the people;—when we can no longer breathe the aspiration of the poet for our country, that she might

"Exuberant, nature's blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations CLOTHE,
And be the exhaustless GRANARY of the world;"

but hold with the selfish or political parties of the day, that she must cease to be agricultural or cease to be commercial;—in such times, we repeat, it is almost the greatest consolation we can have, to witness the exportation of a portion of the surplus population to any region of the habitable globe where they have a chance of being freed from the hopeless strife of toil and poverty, and living by the sweat of their brows—of forgetting the cruel walls of the work-house, and labouring, with their children around them, in the light of heaven. This would reconcile us to emigration on the largest scale; and there is no well-conducted enterprise for carrying it into effect which may not command our humble but earnest advocacy.

We have, in the common course of our duties, read many a volume, and pamphlet, and paper on the subject; and had cause to consider them nearly all with suspicion,—we will not say as wilfully misleading the public, but generally as taking such biased and prejudiced views as were well calculated to deceive those who implicitly trusted in them. Every place has its believing as well as interested friends, and the mind is utterly puzzled by conflicting statements against that, and in favour of this. The Cape of Good Hope, the Canadas, the

United States, New South Wales, several Australias, Texas, South America, and even the Mosquito shores, have been upheld as the fittest receptacles for the swarms from the European hive. It is not for us to decide which claims are to be preferred; but we can truly say, from the communications of intelligent and experienced men with whom we have conversed on the subject, and who have no connexion whatever with the New Zealand Company, that it is a country of fine climate, and replete with natural advantages. It is interesting, as a glance at the map informs us (see also Pollok's *Travels*), by excellent havens and flowing rivers. The soil is fertile, and the cultivation of flax alone an employment and a trade; and

"All but the spirit of man is divine."

What then remains? The most humane and honourable exercise of their powers by this Association; the most scrupulous honesty and good faith in the treatment of the natives; the most indefatigable but discreet exertions to bring them within the pale of civilisation and Christianity. Truth, and firmness, and kindness, and forbearance;* the introduction of useful arts; the effects of just and righteous examples—such should be the British titles to occupy this land; and such, we trust, they will be. If so, a blessing will attend such expeditions as that which has led us to offer these brief remarks.

* The notions of the aborigines of such countries do not often meet with the consideration and allowance which enlightened minds would afford to them. A characteristic anecdote or two, which we heard some years ago from a very eminent botanist who had sojourned in these parts, may serve to illustrate.† A New Zealand chief who had visited Sydney and been lionised there, on his return home communicated his opinions respecting several points of the criminal law, which he had seen carried into execution, to the governor. Among the rest, he expressed his particular objection to the same punishment having been inflicted upon a thief who stole a piece of bacon, and another thief who stole an axe. For, said he, if the bacon had been left for a little while, it would have rotted and become useless; but the axe! why the axe would last a lifetime, and with it you might cut down trees, hew logs, build canoes, erect houses, and do a thousand things for your convenience and happiness. And yet you punish both alike; although the temptation was in one case almost nothing, and in the other almost irresistible.

To this same legal sage a boat's crew of escaped convicts made their way; and the governor despatched a message to him to restore them as prisoners, or punish them according to law. He chose the latter; and ordered the poor creatures out to be hanged as at Botany Bay. The proper trees were selected and also the proper ropes; and the execution took place in the sight of thousands of assembled natives. But, by some accident or other, as fast as the miserable culprits were dragged up to their appointed branches, the ropes broke, and they came tumbling to the ground. Several attempts of this kind finished the farce: and the governor's envoy, who had witnessed the scene, was sent back to his master, with directions to describe the pains which had been taken to obey his injunctions, and their extraordinary failure: with the usual foreign-potentate as-

† We are not quite sure that we have not mentioned them before.—Ed. L. G.

surances of perfect amity, consideration, and so forth; but with a *mem.*, that, after all, the chief thought it quite as well that the men should not have been hanged till they were dead, as they might now remain with him, and be employed on works much to the benefit of himself and his subjects!

These may be crude ideas, and inconsistent with ours; and all we tell the stories for, is to impress on our emigrants and their leaders the expediency of making allowances for the ignorance of the barbarians amongst whom they go to pitch their tents.

FOLLOW YOUR WIFE.

THE melancholy circumstances connected with the name of a celebrated divine, which lately occupied, and must shortly again occupy, the sages of the long-robe, will prove, as we noticed a fortnight ago, not a little curious. It would be improper to say any thing that could at all prejudice the question shortly to be tried. We may, however, mention, that the manner in which the inquiry was first moved was singular and romantic. The rev. gentleman received an anonymous letter containing these words—"Follow your wife"—and these only. He took no notice of the communication; when, some time after, he received a second letter, stating that the lady had been, on a certain day, in one place, when the husband understood she had gone quite a different way. An advertisement was then inserted in a morning paper, calling on the writer of the anonymous epistles to come forward; but it was not answered. Subsequent to this, a note was received through the post, requesting a private interview with the reverend gentleman. This was accorded; and a stranger appeared, and made a representation to this effect—that a friend of his had been in company with another party when meetings took place, of which it was presumed the husband had a right to complain. The friend of the stranger, on leaving England, had desired the party making this report to undertake the revelation, on which the reverend gentleman subsequently determined to take certain legal steps. We stated that he had lately fully denied upon oath all the inculpatory charges preferred against him in the lady's responsive allegation. The stranger, it may be added, acted his part in the most approved scenic manner. He stated that his person was so disguised that he could not at any future period be recognised; and it would be in vain to follow him, as he had a fleet horse at the door, which would set all pursuers at defiance, and he should return no more. He then withdrew, and has not since been seen. Thus we have our little Lafarge affairs; only less tragic.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Wednesday a benefit was given to Mr. and Mrs. Balfe at this theatre, to compensate them in some degree for the losses sustained in the attempt to carry on an English opera; and which was defeated by various *contretemps*, disagreements among the performers, and other theatrical circumstances, of an essence hardly to be understood outside the walls of a theatre. The Shakspearians, a company of amateurs, kindly afforded their services with *Othello* on this occasion; and a musical entertainment followed, in which Grisi, Mario, and Mr. and Mrs. Balfe sang. The house was crowded in every part.

Covent Garden.—On Friday (last week), Cib-

ber's play, *She would and She would not*, was revived here, with the accessories of scenery and dresses in that superb and tasteful style for which the theatre has been distinguished under the management of Madame Vestris. The play is a series of intrigues after the Spanish fashion, depending upon continual action and dramatic situation; but destitute of wit, sentiment, and nature. Clever, sparkling, and so far amusing as epicene assurance can make it, we cannot say that it either adorns the stage or points a moral. It was, however, well, perhaps too well, acted; meaning thereby that the author's figures were brought out in too high relief by the spirit and talent of the actors. Thus, Mrs. Nisbett and Mrs. Lacy, in their male attire, rather surprised than delighted us; and Farren, in his only fine scene, when he gives himself up to senile raptures at having his child happily married, absolutely pained us by the tragically wrought force of his representation; whilst that daughter was laughing at him behind his back, and enjoying the trick that had baffled all his hopes. It is clear, that if his joy had been more lightly touched, we should not have perceived so keenly the ingratitude, like a serpent's tooth, in his thankless offspring: the outwitting even of a bad parent ought never to be too strongly done, for we cannot help hating the instrument; and that is not what the comedy aimed at. Meadows, with only a few lines; Mrs. Orger, the waiting-woman; Harley, the varlet valet; Mr. S. Smith, the serving-man; Mr. Lacy and Mr. Cooper, the lovers; and Miss Cooper, the very sweet and pretty daughter alluded to, were all extremely clever in their parts; and, though the house was thin, the piece went off trippingly from the beginning to the end.

English Opera House.—Martinuzzi has gone on improving greatly since its introduction to the stage; and the experiment by Mr. Stephens, tried under many adverse circumstances, though it cannot be said to have entirely succeeded, will, we are persuaded, be productive of considerable benefits to the national drama. Authors have always had too little voice in what concerns them so much; and if they can open a fair stage for themselves (and no favour), it may do much to qualify the monopolies which have heretofore interfered so much with their hopes and efforts.

We have perused the play from the prompter's copy; and whilst we acknowledge the poetical mind and feeling which pervade it and evince the genius of the writer, we must remark that it seems to be very often cloudy in the ideas, and consequently cloudy in the expression. When poets conceive and imagine clearly, they describe and paint clearly; but Mr. Stephens is frequently so ambiguous, that we do not even comprehend his facts, far less his metaphors and illustrations. The opening lines are the most beautiful in the tragedy—

"The morning breaks; the blithe, immortal day,
On yonder ocean-shore is young again.
I have won the toilsome night out with my lamps;
And fain would hide me like the sickly stars.
But ah! I may not! Lo! another morn
Is pealing in the East: the sensible air
Hath caught the warning: red-lipp'd morn casts back
Night's heavy curtains, while the golden sun,
Like a true prodigal, begins betimes
To waste his substance; and with thoughtless speed
Shakes day about, like perfume, from his hair.
I am a frown upon the scene! and yet
I cannot fly my soul, nor my soul me."

We cannot say that we like the word "frown" very much; but were we to enter upon verbal criticism, there would be no end to our objections. Every page would supply examples: *ex gr. p. 2* "corroding beams of ennobling purple,"

and p. 3 "the nimble hours of night," are in a style to us worse than unintelligible. A visit to the English Opera House before it closes, however, is due from the admirers of talent and friends of the drama.

Some pleasant entertainments follow *Martuzzi*, and are also cleverly enacted.

The *Adelphi* opens, we believe, on the 29th, for which Mr. Yates is in town collecting and arranging all his forces. Mrs. Yates, we rejoice to say, is completely restored to health.

Strand.—The *Bump of Benevolence* improves much upon repetition. Mrs. Keeley's science-loving serving-maid of all work is admirable in every look and motion.

Adelaide Gallery.—We were invited on Thursday to a private rehearsal of the musical performance of the infant Sappho, previously to the opening of the institution for evening entertainments. Of the musical talent possessed by Miss Vinning we have already written. The gallery was in the transition-state, not sufficiently forward for comment. Three Drummond, or oxy-hydrogen lights, instead of six intended, were burning. The deep shadows, the beautiful and varied reflections, on the walls, of the glass shades every where around, and the play of the lights from the waters, evinced the power and splendour of the light. Should not the introduction of the other three somewhat modify the effect on the eye of the direct rays, ground-glass or some shield must be used.

Musical Entertainments.—The Musard concerts are announced to be renewed at the English Opera House; and we hear also that concerts d'été are to be brought forward at Her Majesty's Italian Theatre.

Origin of Jim Crow.—The New Orleans Picayune states, that a few years ago Thomas D. Rice, now the negro comedian, was an actor in a Western theatre; and, though he did some things cleverly, he was particularly remarkable for nothing but being the best-dressed man in the company. An original piece was got up, in which Rice was persuaded to take the character of a negro, much against his will. He consented only under the stipulation that he should have permission to introduce a negro song of his own. Rice was fond of riding, and frequently visited a stable in town where there was a very droll negro hostler, who used to dance grotesquely, and sing old fragments of a song about one *Jim Crow*. Very little difficulty was found in transforming the hostler into a tutor; and in half an hour Rice was master of symphony, melody, and all the steps, words, and drollery of the famed and irresistible Jim Crow. The evening for the *début* of the new play came on; and never did Kemble or Talma study more intensely over the effect of costume than did Rice in dressing for his negro part on this occasion. He had easily contrived to throw together a few verses with witty local allusions, and to heighten the extravagance of the dance to its greatest extent of grotesque absurdity. The play commenced, and went on dragging heavily and lamely—Rice himself failing to stir up the drowsy audience with his clumsily written negro part, until the third act, where the song came in. Utter damnation was lowering ominously over the piece, and the actors had already pronounced it a dead failure, when the hitherto-silent and gloomy green-room was startled by a tumultuous round of cheers breaking out suddenly in front. "What can that be?" said the manager, pricking up his ears. Another verse of the song was sung, with the

extravagant dancing accompaniment, and the house shook with still more violent applause. "What is that?" said the manager: "who's on the stage?" "Rice is singing a negro song," was the reply. "O! that's it, eh?" said the manager, who was a stickler for "the legitimate;" and concluded that an audience which could applaud such a thing would be just as likely to hiss it the next moment. But the new song continued to call down expressions of pleasure that could not by any means be mistaken; and at its conclusion the manager bounced out of the green-room, and down to 'P. S.,' to listen to the loudest encore he ever heard in his theatre. The play was announced again; but, after two or three repetitions, it was discovered that the song was all the audience wanted, and so *Jim Crow* emerged triumphant from the ashes of a damned play, to delight Europe and America with—

"Turn about an' wheel about,
An' do just so,
An' e'very time I wheel about
I jump Jim Crow!

A heah heah whooh!"

Rice soon found his way to New York, and Hamblin was not long in snapping up the new card, which he made tell to as handsome a tune as any other that the great caterer ever played upon the Bowery boards.

"Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered;" and when Thomas D. Rice was playing *William Tell* in Cherry Street, New York, he little dreamed of ever making a fortune by singing *Jim Crow*!

VARIETIES.

Eton College.—We rejoice to find that Prince Albert's annual prize, of which we treated in our first Review last week, is to be decided by the examination of candidates on Monday next. This year the languages are French and German; next year they will be French and Italian, and so on alternately thereafter. Mr. Butterworth Bayley's writership in India is also to be determined on Monday, by an examination in classics, mathematics, and modern literature; and it is farther stated, in relation to this celebrated school, that the authorities have resolved that the fellowships of King's College, allotted to boys on the royal foundation, shall henceforward be awarded according to the order of merit, and the rule of mere priority and succession be abolished.

Liberality extraordinary.—On St. Matthew's-day, the noble hall of Christ's Hospital, after the annual sermon at Christ Church, Newgate Street, was crowded with auditors of the delivery and recital of orations, poems, odes, &c. by the Grecians, or senior scholars, according to ancient usage. The custom is also, after the ceremony of the exhibition of progress and attainments (highly creditable on Tuesday), to pass round the glove for contributions to cheer on their way the selected youths who are proceeding to the university. This year (three were going to Cambridge) the collection, including a sovereign presented by a high civic authority, and a halfpenny by some equally generous individual, amounted to little more than £100! Brother Blues, where lurk your old sympathies? But next year probably the first four Grecians will proceed to college, and then we shall discover. The young multitude shrieked in honour of the departure of the Lord Mayor and his distinguished party.

Burial within the Walls.—We rejoice to see that the corporation of London have taken up the subject of burial within the crowded living

precincts of London, and agreed to petition parliament against this barbaric practice. Mr. Anderson brought the matter forward, and was ably supported by Mr. R. Taylor, Sir Peter Laurie, and others in the Common Council.

Mnemonics, Phenotypes, or Artificial Memory.—Major Beniowski is lecturing on, and instructing in, this art at the Adelaide Gallery. On Tuesday he delivered an introductory discourse on the history and value of mnemonics, and on the facility with which any one may acquire a mechanical power of recalling to mind the order of events, the time of their occurrence, and their relation to each other; or words, sentences, chapters, volumes; or fractions, trines, decimals, figures, logarithms; or, in short, all facts or fictions, historical, biblical, numerical, polemical, universal, which the powers of memory the most extensive could possibly comprehend. The chronological tables of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" were the principal source of his examples; and his uniform correctness in detailing the events of any given year, as well as several other mnemonic feats, gave proof, in his own person, of the accuracy and sufficiency of his system.

The Cephaloscope.—Mr. J. Harrison Curtis has recently invented a modification of Laennec's stethoscope, to which he has given the above name, and which is peculiarly applicable in the investigation and diagnosis of certain diseases of the organ of hearing, which are at present involved in some obscurity. The instrument consists of a cylinder of wood, about eight inches long, with an ear-piece in ivory at the upper end, and a large concave oval piece at the other extremity, so constructed as to cover and completely enclose the external ear of the patient. The concavity of this last piece collects the sounds, whether normal or abnormal, which are heard within the organ, and transmits them through a tube to the ear of the examiner, who, by continual practice, will be enabled to discriminate the various sounds, just as the stethoscopist distinguishes those heard in the chest. This instrument, it is considered, will be of service in cases of *tininitus aurium*, and affections of the Eustachian tube and tympanic cavity.

Earthquakes at Crieff.—The Scottish earthquakes still continue to shake the country about Crieff and Comrie in Perthshire. On Friday two smart shocks occurred; the first attended by a longer rumbling noise and sharper vibrations than usual.

Foreign Literary Distinctions.—We are glad to hear that one of our countrymen, Mr. Jonathan Birch, the translator of *Faust*, and author of several other works, has been recently elected a member of the Society of Belles Lettres of Berlin,—one of the most distinguished literary academies in Europe. The other English member of this society is Mr. Carlyle. Mr. Birch, though a young, modest, and unpretending member, is yet a very distinguished one, of the literature of this country.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A new edition of an Exposition upon the Two Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, by Bishop Jewel, reprinted entire from the folio edition of 1611, by the Rev. P. Hall, M.A., is in the press.

The Siege of Barcelona, in three cantos, by Lieut. Col. G. B. Hippisley, M.O.L.V.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Stacy's Farmer's Daily-Labour Account-Book, fol. 5s.—Memoirs of Sir B. Rudyard, Kat., edited by J. A. Manning, 8vo, 12s.—A Hand-Book to the Game of Billiards, 18mo, 3s.—Animal Magnetism; its History to the present Time, by a Surgeon, 18mo, 2s. 6d.—Practical Observations on Injuries of the Head, by W. Sharp,

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Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; and of all Booksellers.

EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CXLIX.—
Advertisements intended for publication in No. CXLIX.
of the **EDINBURGH REVIEW**, are requested to be forwarded to
the Publishers on or before **WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th**; and
to be on or before **SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2d**.
30 Paternoster Row.

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BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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